3: Hiscocks G-4, 5 (1946-1949) 1953 EK1 Austria EK1

727 433 Other injuries from which Austria suffered were the result of deliberate German policy. So long as the Nazi occupation lasted, Austria was treated as an appendage to the German economy, and her interests were subordinated to those of the Reich. She was no longer considered as an economic entity, and no attempt was made to maintain the balance of her economic life.

[133] [311] About 57 per cent of Austria's total area is over 1,000 metres (3,281 feet) high, and 37 per cent is woodland. It is therefore hardly surprising that only 21 per cent is cultivated and that before the War, in spite of strenuous efforts, the country could produce only three-quarters of its total food requirements. At the same time it was essential that it should be as self-supporting as possible. To import even a quarter of its provisions imposed a severe strain on the balance of trade. Yet during the Nazi period efforts to increase Austrian agricultural production were relaxed. The self-sufficiency of a mere group of provinces was a matter of no significance to Hitler, and he preferred to depend for his food supplies on the conquered and dependent lands of Central and Eastern Europe. The *Ostmark* could be better used for other purposes.

Austrian farms therefore lost man-power to the army. Their livestock was reduced. Equipment grew old and could not be replaced. Owing to lack of fertilizer the quality of the soil deteriorated. In 1945 domestic food production reached less than half, and in 1946, when conditions were much less disturbed, only about two-thirds of the pre-War level.

[313] Austria's forests are one of her most valuable natural resources. Her timber industry, together with the paper and cellulose industries dependent on it, accounts for about 9 per cent of her national income and for a substantial proportion of her exports. During the War the forests were ruthlessly exploited, and it has been estimated that at least 10 million cubic metres of timber were felled in excess of the economic figure, the fellings mainly taking place in the most accessible areas. This meant that years of strict control would be necessary to restore the timber industry to a healthy condition. At a time when the country was struggling to rebuild its economy, one of its main sources of wealth was in a state of convalescence.

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Bregenz in 1799.

361 131 BREGENZ AND LAKE CONSTANCE. Old and venerable Bregenz, Austria's gateway to the West, has maintained its leading position in the life of Vorarlberg throughout the centuries and today it is still the capital. It has been favoured in its situation. On one side it nestles beneath the protecting spurs of the Northern Alps; on the other it stands astride the route which traffic has followed from the earliest times along the banks of the Rhine, one of the natural highways of Europe. These factors have made of it a little town with a charm which is all its own. Its strategic importance was proved again and again during the chaos of barbarian invasion by the Saracens or from the East, during the quarrels of feudal overlords and the inroads of the Appenzell folk and the Thirty Years' War. These have left marks on its countenance which, do it honour and give it a claim on one's respect. These lines are not the wrinkles of age, but an indication that the spirit behind them has learnt how to overcome adversity and to pursue a settled course with courage and consistency.

Modern Bregenz is once again proving by its actions the existence of this driving spirit. It is fully aware of its importance as Austria's open gateway to the West, and from this realisation has come the strength to begin reconstruction, which in view of the Motherland's difficult position after the second destructive world-war is doubly important.

133 361 496 The cable railway which leads straight from the town to the commanding heights of the Pfänder reveals that the attraction of Bregenz lies not only

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IT ALL BEGAN WITH THE FLOOD

When Noah first set foot from the ark on dry land, he found himself not on Mount Ararat, as is generally believed, but in Vorarlberg, at the summit of the Widderstein. It is true that the venerable mountain mentioned in the Old Testament is not the only one which claims to have been the landing place of the Ark after the flood. But the attempts of other places to steal the glory of having been the second cradle of mankind must be disregarded in view of the claims which Vorarlberg can advance. When the first ascent of the Widderstein was made, remains of the bulwarks of the Ark — or at least of some of them — were still lying on the summit. This discovery, the Vorarlberg people claim, of course put an end for all time to the controversy as to which country Noah first set foot on. 133 *The second patriarch of the human race was thus the first inhabitant of Vorarlberg.*

Alas that efforts to continue the history of Vorarlberg from this point onwards should oblige one to admit that the descendants of the Old Testament here must have remained analphabets through several thousands of years, at least until the birth of Christ, for they have left to posterity no record that they ever existed.

Otherwise, Vorarlberg's first inhabitants seem to have known a very elementary form of civilisation. There are few traces of their activities, other than a few primitive hearths sheltered behind rough walls. Much ingenuity was called for to find even these.

In fact, the first tidings of Vorarlberg come to us from one of the many branches of the family of Noah, those who called themselves Romans. They selected the fifteenth year after the Emperor Augustus ascended the in its historic importance and cultural activity, but also in its geographical position. This overhead railway is one of the oldest and most popular in Austria. Certainly the view from the Pfänder over Lake Constance and the Swabian Plain which lie below, spread out like a map framed by the Swiss and Vorarlberg mountains, can hardly find its equal. And the lake itself! In its manifold beauty, whether it presents a limpid surface ruffled by tiny sparkling waves which caress the swimmer, or some masterpiece of colouring by nature which takes one's breath away, with the tinted curtains of the sunset changing from minute to minute, or the threat and fury of unleashed elements, lies a magic attraction from which few are immune and which tempt the poet to take up his pen in their praise.

THE AUSTRIAN GEOGRAPHY OF THE RHINE. As the whole world knows, the question of the left bank of the Rhine has been the starting point of many bloody European wars, even of the world wars.

Strange how the most complex questions change their whole character when treated in Austrian fashion.

The left bank of the Rhine! Who knows that Austria possesses a left bank of the Rhine, or that the river is crossed by two Austrian bridges? That the Vorarlberg parishes of Höchst, Fussach and Rheinau belong to the left bank? (It may be

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View of the Town of Bregenz.

● 133 mentioned here that Goethe crossed Lake Constance from Fussach when he returned from Italy in 1811.)

The landscape which extends on either side of the Rhine's artificial channel is a peculiar one. Suddenly transported there, one would not believe oneself to be in a mountain district any longer. Swamps, in part made fertile through drainage, spread out for miles. Looking north, one has the illusion of being in a sunken plain. A colony of many varieties of birds inhabits this stretch of land. Few can withstand the charm of the softly waving reeds. The broad expanse of country, the rustling and whispering of the brittle stalks and slender foliage of the reed-banks seem to liberate the spirit. Unconsciously one breathes more deeply, the eye drinking in greedily the distant blue, the ear attuned to the voice of nature. The heart is soothed by the spirit of the moors in the all-pervading stillness, broken only by the harsh cry and the beat of the wings of some startled bird.

361 The largest Rhineside market town in Vorarlberg is Lustenau, celebrated like all Rhine settlements for its rich harvests of carefully tended fruit. As a settlement the big market town presents a singular picture. The houses, scattered over an area which is wide in comparison with the number of its inhabitants, are often hidden behind the dense foliage of fruit trees which entirely conceal them from the road. Lustenau is more or less of an enclave. Both in language and physiology, its inhabitants differ considerably from those of the rest of the Province, who

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Sample of Peasant Weaving from the XVII Century.

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of "Garden City". The social problem is solved here in noteworthy fashion, for although more than half the population is dependent on industry, it has no proletariat.

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In grappling with its problems, the town has, of course, been helped by its favourable geographical position. The winter sport resort of Bödele which is easily reached by a picturesque road brings life to Dornbirn as soon as the white carpet covers the ground. In summer its chief attraction is a beautiful and sinister gorge which is reached by a romantic artificial flight of steps—the Rappenlochschlucht. Closed in by walls of rock which tower vertically to a height of several hundred feet, crossed far above by a bridge, the turbulent mountain waters far below foam and roar through the gorge. The spectacle is well calculated to awaken a wholesome respect for the might of those forces which give shape and form to surrounding nature, and through her to our own lives.

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From the tree-covered summit the hoary keep of Neu-Ems Castle overlooks the valley of the Rhine. The steep crag commanding the town bears the ruins of Alt-Ems, before its destruction in the Appenzeller War one of the greatest castles of the German Reich, equal in size to the famous Wartburg. The palace built by Count Kaspar still stands today at the foot of the Castle Rock. A number of other buildings and historic names lend to Dornbirn that magic of departed grandeur which always lingers around historic walls and ancient monuments.

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THE GARDEN OF VORARLBERG.
In the midst of the plain through which flows the Rhine rises the Kummenberg, a witness to the activity of the Rhine Valley Glacier in the Ice Age. To the south its tree-covered

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from the canton of la Valais, in Switzerland. At the beginning of the 15th century the number of these peasants who came to settle in Graubünden and Vorarlberg was steadily on the increase. These new arrivals seeking employment were readily welcomed by the land-owners, and the uninhabited upper valleys were allotted them to build new homes. In order to persuade them to settle permanently the gift of land was accompanied by various privileges. In this manner the uncultivated part of the Tannberg, in the Upper Bregenzerwald, and especially the two Walser valleys which have taken their name from it, developed into the home of a sturdy peasant race which has become a permanent factor of the national and economic structure of the Province.

Anyone who wants to form a picture of the strenuous way in which these descendants of the old inhabitants of the Valais who have retained much of the peculiarities of their former country in their speech, dress and customs gain a bare existence from a grudging nature, needs only to observe how they live in the Grosse Walsertal. Generations of bitter struggle for daily bread have produced a sturdy and weather-beaten folk whose existence is deeply rooted in the soil.

The people of Vorarlberg are not uniform in character, but form rather a mosaic of various sturdy elements welded together by historical developments.

slopes rise gradually, but to the north it falls away steeply. It is well worth the trouble of climbing, for looking down from its heights one has a delightful outlook over the entire Vorarlberg part of the Rhine Valley. In the east the picturesque houses of the market town of Götzis combine their greetings with those of the massive ruins of Neu-Montfort. The chief picture to the north and south is that of innumerable tiny rectangles of grass alternating with arable land, a clue to the agricultural structure of the countryside. An unusual trick of nature affords amusement to visitors to the summit of the Kummenberg: pieces of paper or material which are thrown out over the yawning depths are returned to their owner by the air currents. Even hats which have been tossed over are said to come back of their own accord, but not everyone cares to put this to the test.

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To the south of the Kummenberg a vale branches off from the main Rhine valley which is called the "Garden of Vorarlberg". About a dozen pleasant villages cling to the foot of the mountain or have found themselves a sunny place half way up it, and in blossom-time the whole countryside is one fragrant bridal bouquet. On the sunny slopes flourish delicious grapes; Fraxern, hidden in a hollow between the green hills, is famous for its wonderful black cherries, which attract crowds of visitors who arrive with baskets and carts. Viktorsberg, looking

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of local feudal lords, special privileges which ensured it unusual opportunities for development.

The picture of a mediaeval townlet which Feldkirch presents today is furnished mainly by the streets of the inner town, consisting of solid and impressive buildings in which merchants have carried on their affairs for many generations. Such evidence as survives of former defensive constructions like the Churer Tor, the Katzenturm and Schattenburg Castle, which towers over the town, conjure up visions of scenes long past to attract a stranger's attention.

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871 Feldkirch was called "Studierstädtlein" in bygone days when it was of great importance—one might almost say of unparalleled importance—in educational affairs. It had a grammar school, a college for teachers which attracted students from all over the country, and the famous Jesuit college "Stella Matutina", well-known throughout Europe.

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635 It could with almost equal justice have been called the "Township of Bureaucrats", although it was never a centre of government. But the majority of the other administrative bodies of the province are established in Feldkirch. The cosmopolitan character of the bureaucracy of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy has affected the racial composition of the local population.

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498 Feldkirch, as a junction on the only direct East-West route, is of importance to the Austrian traffic system. It is the main railway station on the frontiers of Austria with Switzerland and Liechtenstein, and thus a connecting-link in the West European transport organization.

● 133 DO YOU KNOW THE LEGEND OF THE THREE SISTERS? No? Then wander from Feldkirch through the Ill Ravine, the "Felsenau", that deep channel which the river has for centuries been cutting through the imprisoning rocks and which is still so narrow that there is only just room for the railway leading to the Walgau to run beside it. A feat of engineering was called for to carry the road over river and railway on a precarious bridge. Once one emerges from this narrow gorge, the character of the countryside is seen to have completely changed. Even the air is cooler, and the natives say that east of the Felsenau (i. e. in Walgau) it is "a jacket cooler" than in the Rhine Valley. You walk all

With only four factories employing over 500 persons, it is the smaller and medium sized specialised industries which are typical. First comes the textile trade. The Vorarlberg cotton industry, which enjoys an international reputation, produces not only the finest multi-coloured woven cloth in Austria, but also high class printed goods. Woven silk and specialised woollen and knitted goods are also typical of local industry. Vorarlberg's reputation for embroidery and hand-made lace has spread far beyond the confines of Europe. Other Vorarlberg industries concern themselves with refining and specialised finishing processes, for the Province is lacking in almost all raw materials. Cogwheels, gears, pumps and watches, sliding scales and specialised tools are all made here. The factories for the construction of elevators and cable-railways are based on "White Coal", on the natural water-power of the Province, the exploitation of which has been developed to a high degree.

the more easily and vigorously and you are quickly in Frastanz. 133

Here it was that three sisters once lived—at a happy period, no doubt, for, according to an accepted legend, a spring of pure gold flowed at the foot of the Garsellaspitze. One sunny Sunday these three sisters, instead of going to church as custom and piety dictated, started out towards the Garsellaspitze. Who knows whether it was the flowing gold which led them astray or whether they simply wanted to gather berries? In vain did the church bells call them once more to mass. The three sisters, their heads filled with mundane matters, ignored the summons. Soon they found a place where berries grew so thickly that they were able to fill basket after basket in a short time. As a last reminder of neglected religious duties came the faint tinkle of the transubstantiation bell. When they ignored this final warning, they met their fate. Unable to move, their bodies froze and turned to stone. When the faithful left the church after mass they stood and stared, for at the foot of the Garsellaspitze rose up side by side three tall rocks. The three sisters, however, were never seen again. Their baskets full of berries were found there on the following day. So came the [illegible] rocks by the name of [illegible] Three Sisters".

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Rembrandt.

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WHERE THE UNICORN HAS ITS HOME. Yes, indeed, the mythical unicorn still exists in Vorarlberg, in the above-mentioned Walgau—in the coat-of-arms of Bludenz, its chief town. Here the landscape is sunny and smiling and the people vivacious and cheerful.

Despite the dominance of the unicorn in the Walgau, or

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Tisis.

rather in Bludenz, it is not dangerous to live there. On the contrary, this little town on the Ill with its romantic past and its industrious present offers many attractions and opportunities to visitors. To begin with there is the picturesque centre of the town with its narrow streets and mediaeval avenues. The Obere Tor is decorated with a fresco of Friedrich of the Empty Pocket which recalls how the people of Bludenz afforded their liege lord sanctuary and loyalty after he had been outlawed by the Emperor. There is a parish church built on a dominating cliff, and the more massive than beautiful Castle Gaienhofen, which has been put to various uses in the course of the years. As far back as the Celts and the Romans there were settlements on this site. The attractive and charming surroundings of Bludenz have earned it the name of "Gateway of the Alps". For one who wishes to get to know all the passes from the valley level to the snow-capped mountains of the main Alpine range it would be hard to find a more favourable centre than this little town of the Walgau.

●133 Arriving at Bludenz by train, every traveller is struck by a snow-capped mountain of bare rock rising sheer out of the green valley. This is the Panüler Schrofen, the western "shoulder" of the Scesaplana, queen of the Rätikons. As the culminating point of a whole chain of mountains this giant is not only an attraction for local tourists, but is one of those peaks which have made history in the opening up of the Eastern Alps. Thanks to its commanding height, it offers an almost unrestricted view of the countryside, including a charming glimpse of Swiss Prätigau in the depths below.

THE VALLEY OF WHITE COAL. The Montafon valley played a part in national transport centuries ago, for it is the gateway to southern Europe, and more immediately to Veltlin. Today it is a power centre for countless industries scattered over a considerable part of Central Europe.

133 361 On the way from Bludenz to Montafon one passes through Vandans, a village which is threatened as no other by the primitive forces of the mountains. Millions of cubic metres of rubble and boulders lie waiting in clefts of the Vandanser Rock Wall, like a wild beast crouched to spring, ready to hurl itself down at a given moment on to the peaceful human community, carrying death and devastation. An attempt has indeed

Feldkirch; Churer Gate.

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been made to guard against such an occurrence by the construction of mighty barricades. Whether men will be found to have succeeded in banning such elemental natural violence, the future will show.

Further up the Ill lies Schruns, the chief town of the Montafon, nestling picturesquely in an arm of the valley. Few places in Vorarlberg have been so fitted by climate and surroundings to become a health resort as this pretty market town.

Stuben on the Arlberg.

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It is indisputable that the people of the Montafon are very different from the rest of the population of Vorarlberg, as their customs, temperament and language plainly show. Montafon has withstood germanisation longer than any other part of Vorarlberg, and has thus preserved certain characteristics of its original Romanic population.

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Opposite Schruns lies Tschagguns, once much visited by pilgrims but nowadays more of a centre for winter-sport. Tschagguns has particularly good ski-ing facilities and is also the starting-point for trips to the Rätikon, the excursion being facilitated by a cable railway to Grabs, 4,800 feet above sea level. In the area accessible from Tschagguns, the exacting mountain climber will find the same satisfaction as the tourist who wants only to discover and meditate on the beauties of nature. The way to the Gauertal, which is widely known for its beautiful scenery, the end of the valley with the Lindau Hut rising from the last scrubby pines in the foreground, backed by the Three Towers in the distance, has been characterised by the most experienced and best-known Alpine climbers as unique and incomparable.

Bruneck Tower.

A few miles beyond Schruns, on the slopes of the mighty Kapelljoch, which is to be made accessible by a cable railway, in a narrow part of the Montafon Valley lies the district of the "Fratte", which divides the valley into Outer and Inner Montafon, or, as the inhabitants say, "Outer and Inner Fratte". The first hamlet of the Inner Fratte is St. Gallenkirch, whence the valley of the Suggadin river stretches away in the south to the mountain health-resort of Gargellen. Surrounded by the most bizarre of mountain scenery, the latter is, perhaps, artistically

361 529 133 considered, the most attractive place in the entire Province. What makes of it a health-resort is the fact that of all places in the Province, it has the record for sunshine, and that it has the same wonderful climate as the Swiss health-resort of Davos, only 18 kilometres distant as the crow flies.

361 133 377 That the Montafon, particularly the Inner Fratte, has lost its original character of a mountain farming area is immediately evident when one comes to Parthenen, last of the valley settlements. At first glance it is recognised as an industrial township. Montafon's name of the "Valley of White Coal" is here justified, for the district in which Parthenen is situated is devoted to the production of electrical power. Cable-railways, elevators, narrow-gauge railways running at a height of over 5,000 and 6,000 feet, extensive plants and tunnels several kilometres in length show at first glance with what energy technical knowledge is striving to render the forces of nature of service to man. The source of these forces is the glaciers of the main range, the "Blue Silvretta", famous as a ski-resort in spring. It is easy to repeat without giving the matter further thought that the beauty and natural charm of the mountains are destroyed when their useful potentialities are exploited by mechanical means. It is far wiser and more just to go oneself (and how much simpler the many inventions of the much abused mechanical developments have made such a trip), to ascertain with one's own eyes that the two enormous artificial lakes at Vermunt and Obervermunt have lent a touch of beauty to the picture which was lacking in the monotonous valley which they have superseded. For the mountain lover there still remain the combs and peaks of the monarch of the Vorarlberg Alps, the 9892 foot high Piz Buin, which he can approach with untroubled heart and a determination to dare its perils, without any risk that his ideal picture will be found marred by the spirit of a profit-seeking age.

529 526 THE LOFTY CASTLE OF THE WHITE ART. It is not so very many years ago that winter was regarded as a visitation of God. More especially was this the attitude of the mountain folk whose means of livelihood were drastically curtailed during the cold months by the many feet of snow. This attitude only underwent a change when human ingenuity succeeded in making use of two strips of wood bound to the feet with one end bent upwards, which brought with them greater freedom of movement even over deep snow. This happened in Austria towards the end of the last century. One of the areas in which this now widespread

in deep snow sown with glittering crystals. When a blue sky rises in an arch above, it is enough to make every heart beat more quickly. One feels an irresistible urge to set forth on skis, to plough a shadowy blue track in the virgin white, to hear the crackling and whispering of the myriad shining snow crystals, to abandon one's body and spirit to a purity and freedom which is only to be found in the alpine heights in wintertime. And the experience of the whirlwind descent, the snow flying up like clouds of star-dust! Here there is enjoyment for everyone, even though their numbers run into thousands. There is room enough for each one to get away from the others and to make a track of his own. The great hotels are ready to furnish proof that city dwellers who cling to their standard of comfort are also catered for. A first class ski-school provides individual and successful instruction in the White Art, and the ski-lifts enable those setting out on a ski-tour to reach attractive areas without effort.

Lech-on-the-Arlberg is even more beautiful scenically than Zürs, although it does not lie so high and is less fashionable. Perhaps just for this reason it is more intimate and cosy. Lech attracts many guests in summer as well, although it is chiefly a winter-sport resort, furnished with all the necessary modern equipment.

Before we say good bye to the Arlberg, let us take a glance at one of its wild and romantic beauties—the avalanches. Many readers may be surprised to hear avalanches numbered among the beauties of nature, but their surprise betrays that they have never experienced the grandiose spectacle of this wintery force on the Arlberg. When on fine days towards the end of March and in April the modestly blooming violet begins to oust the snow in the valleys, high up amidst the peaks, still in full winter costume, an ominous rolling and a muttering begin which strike a chill into one's very bones. Lying in the sun in a safe corner, one can watch this drama of nature for hours without wearying. Again and again one looks up as one catches the rumbling sound, and in a few seconds gigantic masses of snow like a great white river throwing up showers of spray cascade down over black rocks into the ravine below. Long

after the avalanche has subsided to the view, the accompanying thunderous roar continues, itself gradually subsiding into a silence which leaves the ear keyed up for the next demonstration.

The Walser villages are interesting, in character easily distinguishable from other places in Vorarlberg. Every farm is built at least a stone's throw away from the next, according to Walser custom, and isolated houses are to be found as high up as the last slopes which it is at all possible to reach by vehicle.

The picture of the Great Walser Valley reminds the observer that it is not always man who rules nature, but that sometimes it is nature who forces man to acknowledge her imperious rule. The impression left by a visit to the Small Walser Valley is a much friendlier one. This district, which economically is an enclave not only within Vorarlberg but also within Austria, has an individual note due to the highly developed tourist trade which is everywhere in evidence. The natural traffic routes of the Small Walser Valley connect it with the adjacent Allgäu, but it has no direct connections with Vorarlberg or Tyrol. This valley, which offers many opportunities for winter sport, but is also attractive in summer on account of its beautiful scenery, has built up a remarkable tourist connection. It can boast of a very large number of comfortable inns and hotels. You will find them all along the only road, which links up the market towns of Riezlern, Hirschegg and Mittelberg, and on the slopes above. Obviously such developments have an influence on the way of life of the native population. But it is surprising to learn that in the Lesser Walser Valley even simple peasant's farms are furnished with many of the comforts of civilisation. Most of them have central heating, running hot and cold water, mechanical washers and modern kitchen conveniences run by electricity.

MODERN NOMADS. The Upper Bregenzerwald, that is, the country above the Bregenzer Ache from the Bezau onwards, is chiefly mountainous in character, declining to hill country in the Lower Bregenzerwald. Populous settlements are scattered through the vales which branch off from the wide valley; solitary, 'sun-

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Ötztal Costume.

Beyond this territorial formation lies, in the north-west of the Province, the Außerfern, with intervening gateways—the district of Reutte through which flow the rivers Lech and Loisach, and in the south-east of the province of East Tyrol, the district of Lienz, watered by the Isel and the Drau.

The formation of Tyrol is regular—not rigidly symmetrical, but harmonious. The features which offset one another have both similarity and differences. The Ziller Valley, for example, at first broad and almost devoid of interesting features, rises a bare 300 feet at Mayrhofen. There it splits up into the "Gründe", like the fingers of a hand, and suddenly reveals its whole beauty; only the "thumb" has extended earlier at Zell in the Gerlos. In contrast, the valley of the Ötz rises by the "steps" of Ötz, Umhausen, Längenfeld and Sölden through delightfully contrasting gorges and basins until, after passing Zwieselstein, at Gurgl and Vent, it reaches the highest farmhouse, which lies at a height of over 6000 feet. The Sill Valley is unlike both. Starting from Innsbruck, the capital of the Province, it carries the main railway line and the main road up to a deeply cut pass with glaciers left and right. The Upper and the Lower Inn Valleys are equally important, but as different from one another as night from day, as are the chalk formations from the primary rocks south of the Inn.

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The wanderer—in Tyrol one has to wander—comes across sudden changes in scenery as well as sudden changes of weather. North and south contest one against the other. The Föhn (south wind) forces the snow to retreat high up into the mountains in winter—the temperature may rise 70 degrees Fahrenheit in twelve hours—and in August a cold spell may cause a very sharp fall. Mountain and valley intensify the contrasts. He who freezes at midday in the eternal winter

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Volders.

But if one asks what, in view of its many contradictions, Tyrol really is, one is again confronted by something strange and mysterious. It is a fact that, looked at from outside—for instance from Salzburg or from Vorarlberg, Bavaria or Italy—Tyrol presents the picture of a close-knit unit. Is it the mountains which hold together the Province (which in all documents is referred to as the "Land in the Mountains" because it is entirely dominated by mountains and because from north to south the whole territory consists of mountainous country which never descends to the level of the plains)? Is it a gift conferred by the gods for good or ill fortune; is there some idea of sacred mountains behind the song which tells of the "Holy Province" of Tyrol? ...

The peculiarly pious devotion of the mountain dweller to his homeland and his liberty has done as much to create the feeling of unity as has the great history of Tyrol which people keep alive today in many customs and many forms.

THE ARTS. In Tyrol, art belongs to the soil. The supreme period of its architecture is reflected not only in venerable abbeys, stately mansions, churches and the houses of the nobility, but also in many a farm-house and its outbuildings, in wayside crucifixes, chapels and shrines.

Apart from the imposing buildings and monuments which served the interests of the aristocracy and the well-to-do citizens—the most important example of these is the Tomb of Maximilian beneath the lofty vault of the Hofkirche in Innsbruck—the simpler output of native craftsmen is often impressive and singularly moving as, for instance, that gem of art, the little rococo church in the dreamy hamlet of Gschnitz. Built in the spirit of devotion, its existence threatened on all sides—from avalanches and landslides from the mountain above, from the torrential river below in the valley—it seems amid the forces of nature to do honour to God in the Highest, man upon Earth, and to act as a gracious mediator between the two.

Stams; Cistercian Monastery.

The artistic sense of the people is most apparent in the national costumes and

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hail. Whether it is the waters of a lake, or ice which fills a hollow in the rocks, whether it is water or an avalanche which crashes downwards in a mist of spray, it is fundamentally the same thing; the transient-permanent and the permanent-transient, the fixed, the fluid and the fleeting are merged together in struggle and in play.

A WORD TO THE VISITOR. The height of summer or the depth of winter are not necessarily to be recommended as the best seasons to visit Tyrol, although—or rather because—these are the most popular tourists' seasons, when all the world travels. If you make a comparison between the seasons of the year and the hours of the day, you will appreciate this. In March, the year's morning, the countryside reveals itself full of promise, and new life is stirring on every hand. June is the noon of the year, heavy with blossoms. In the twilight of September the ripe fruit falls with the fading leaves as the new buds are forming. Peace descends with the last evening hour when the countryside, replete, goes to rest through the Christmas midnight of the year. Let then the connoisseur of delights choose from these four seasons marked out by the clock of the year the one best suited to his personal tastes and needs.

The tourist can be confidently recommended to establish his first centre in the Innsbruck area. This must not necessarily be in the town itself. Igls to the south of it and the Hungerburg to the north, the unspoiled mediaeval town of Hall with its saline springs and deposits, and Seefeld, on the plateau of the watershed between the Inn and the Isar, all belong in this sense to Innsbruck, combining the charms of a town with those of the country. After all, why should one not spend a rainy day of the holidays in museum or café, enjoy a theatre or concert in the greater freedom which goes with a holiday abroad than one can feel at the end of a humdrum working day?

All around Innsbruck lie quiet, shady forests which offer such a wide variety of walks for a whole day, half-a-day or even for an hour as could not be exhausted in a year. Here the Upper and Lower Inn Valleys run together, the valleys of the Wipp and the Stubai joining them from the South. The Sellrain also flows from the West into the Innsbruck basin. In all these valleys terraces have formed from 600 to 900 feet up called the "Mittelgebirge" which are most massive at Innsbruck where they are broader than the valley itself.

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They are well populated and well developed. They lie in the fertile middle belt. The views they afford looking downwards into the valley, or of more distant prospects, are just as attractive as the views you will see on gazing upwards into the mountains or at your immediate surroundings.

[496] 133 Within half-an-hour the cabin of the cable-railway swings one up from a height of over 1700 feet to well over 7000 feet, to the Hafelekar, whence one gets a fine view of the mountains of the wild Karwendel range. But one cannot see as far as the heart of the Karwendel, to the mysterious and death-haunted Ahornboden. In one hour the cable railway lands the visitor amid the extensive pine-woods on the Patscherkofel, opposite the Stubaier Ferner (glacier). In half a day one can reach the Stubai Alps and the glaciers of the Ötztal and Zillertal. Three hours by road or rail take one over the Brenner, in the south, to Bozen and Meran. It is from this neighbouring other-world that the Föhn, the heady south wind, streams [243] into the Province of Tyrol. Its burning breath does the maizecobs to a turn even in autumn. The maize stocks are left standing in the harvested fields of the Innsbruck valley until late in the year, while the reddish gold and brown cobs lend the splendours of their colouring to the gable walls beneath the protecting eaves of the peasants' homes.

The immediate surroundings of Innsbruck exhausted, a short train journey of one to three hours will present the traveller with new and attractive beauty-centres: the dark Achen Lake, set amidst steep and gloomily-romantic cliffs, the little fortress of Kufstein with its giant organ whose thunderous pipes are audible from afar and its imposing background of the many-peaked Kaisergebirge, the smiling and sunny surroundings of Kitzbühel with its mountain pastures and ski-ing areas. Or one may go further up the Inn Valley to the glacier world of the Urgebirge Valleys as far as the Paznauntal which ends so impressively below the Trisanna Bridge and Wiesberg Castle, to the sun-bathed townships of Imst and Landeck. Still further on lies the world-famous Arlberg and the Fernpass with its lakes. There is distant [496] Ausserfern with the Plansee and the bizarre chalk mountains of the Lechtal and the Zugspitz mountain with its rack-and-pinion railway.

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In former times a legendary lake is said to have covered the northern part of the Salzburg Province which is also called Flachgau. It took its origin in the neighbourhood of the Lueg Pass, following the bed of the Salzach, still narrow, until it broadened out in the high ground between Hallein and Anif. As it increased in size and strength it covered the whole district; Waller- and Mattsee were swallowed by it and even the course of the Salzach was no longer recognisable.

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But this whole picture has been developed from what exists today. The actual process was the reverse. Neither river nor lake were swallowed up by that ancient sea at a time when neither Anif nor Hallein existed. It is nearer the truth to say that all this slowly emerged out of the vast expanse of water as the flood slowly receded. It was only then that the lakes of today emerged as evidence of the former vastness of these still unusually deep and restless lakes; only then did the Salzach carve out its bed, towns and villages springing up along its banks. But in that forgotten Chalk Age, when this almost boundless lake covered the land, the waters were even then broken by a few islands—the Salzburg Stadtberge. They are older than the surrounding plain, more established and calmer. They heard the sound of the receding waters, the farewell croaking of frogs and the splash of gigantic prehistoric monsters wading the fords. On their slopes many of these beasts must have sat humped together in hopeless melancholy. Month for month the darkening moon

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Salzburg, 15th Century, Woodcut.

133 sank behind them, the all-knowing vultures encircled them. On their slopes the first birds laughed, and in their impenetrable forests the little songsters built their nests.

The charming legend of Franz Solanos tells how this holy man was accorded a rare favour on his deathbed: clouds of birds gathered at his window, flew about his weary head, sat confidingly on the edge of the bed and perched by thousands on the branches around his cell to lend beauty to his last hours with their gladsome song; blackbirds were there, chaffinches, robins, larks, thrushes and yellow-hammers. There was even, the legend tells, a canary to blend its song of triumph with the contrasting notes of an albino blackbird which warbled ecstatically from so far away that it was invisible. The soul of the holy man was raised ever higher amid the heavenly concert until it was finally wafted into eternity.

The end of the prehistoric ages before man appeared on the earth is supposed to have been similarly accompanied by the song of birds. Well may they have chorused, not their pity or grief, but their anticipation as the earth emerged from the receding waters with its promise of nesting places and abundant food.

Salzburg must have been born to the accompaniment of some sweet and impressive melody, a melody that the Province embodies today.

133 Not all the Province of Salzburg arose out of the waters. Going south one meets more

133 and more prehistoric volcanic rocks and lava formations, slate flattened by pressure during millions of years, granite formed of sandstone ground up and re-formed by intense heat, porphyry and mica. The Province is not only old in so far as its history is concerned. Long before history began, what is now Salzburg was steeped in ancient lore—a lore which indefinably conveys its message to man, slowing down the steps of those who tread its soil and enriching their minds.

Seen as a whole, the contours of Salzburg Province may be compared to one of those mid-summer cloud edifices, the cumuli, which, bathed in the rosy light of evening, pile curve upon curve in baroque extravagance, rising to a slender spire. At this narrow extremity, close to Bavaria, lies the formerly famous but nowadays little known Benedictine monastery of Michlbeuern with its romanesque church and the statue of the venerable Meinrad Guggenbichler, whose carved church doors with the moving figures of Mary and Elisabeth in Irrsdorf, to the south-east, are all too little prized.

This northern part of Salzburg, characterised by pleasant hills, the lakes of Mattsee and Wallersee lying amidst green meadows and sub-alpine vegetation which often merges into moors with their reeds and heather, is crowned by the chief city of the Province.

361 When first approaching the city from the station, the visitor has no inkling of Salzburg's venerable beauty. The broad street is flanked on the left by the embankment of the main line to Bavaria, a pebbled walk beneath chestnut trees, placards, a kiosk. Later come grocery stores, inns, paper shops, hotels and souvenir shops, as in many another provincial town. The unusual, the characteristic note of Salzburg is struck quite suddenly by the Mirabell Palace, in the Rainerstrasse. Now rises curtain after curtain to disclose the Salzburg of legend and romance. The Dreifaltigkeitsgasse leads past the Seminary to the first church of Fischer von Erlach. Thence beneath the Sautter Archway one reaches the Linzerstrasse which from time immemorial has borne the traffic through Salzburg. The Romans themselves passed along this delightful highway, coming from the direction of Radstadt to cross the Tauern Mountains.

Tower after tower crowned by the glittering symbol of Christianity pierces the blue morning sky above the ancient heart of the city on the left bank, the church spires seeming almost to reach

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Salzburg, Horse Trough.

castle guards, which seemed to have no end, and finally the great organ which once bellowed out over the city like a bull if an enemy was sighted in the distance. At last we climbed the famous observation tower.

"Outside the confined space of the fortification, we suddenly felt free as the birds as we came out upon the topmost pinnacle, which is higher even than the bastion itself. Our guide described the surrounding beauties in homely terms. 'Over there', he said, 'you may see the Gaisberg, that green hump there, and beside it the rocky Tennengebirge, the Göll and behind them the Übergossene Alm'.

"I quickly turned away in order, solitary as one can be in a crowd, to have the entrancing panorama to myself.

"Clearly outlined, as in a vision, I saw how the Alps extend almost up to the city boundaries, but not further to the north. The magnificent eagle-like ridges of the Untersberg and the Stauffen are the last efforts of the world of rocks to extend its domains. The mountains shut the lovely city into a spacious acute angle, but so respectfully that they do not actually touch it.

"The south-east is marked out by the luscious green of conifers and grass-lands which spread over the guardian Gaisberg. To the South, a little apart from the latter, arise the bare cliffs of the Tennengebirge; further to the West lies the marble mountain of the Untersberg. In the far West, almost on a level with the city, are outlined the sharp ridges of the Stauffen. The acute angle formed by the mountains is occupied by a vividly green and very level plain which seems to have thrust itself through the gap to the South, the Lueg Pass, where the waters of the Salzach have forced their way through the rocky wall.

"From this narrow gorge of the Lueg Pass debouches not only the wide Salzburg plain, but also the silvery Salzach, which winds its way swiftly through

mon of Raitenau something of its right place in history. By land and by sea the Turks were seeking to plant the green banner of the Prophet in the West. Spain, the Pope and the Doge' Republic of Venice had fitted out a great fleet of galleys which were assembled in the harbour of Messina for the fight against the overwhelming traditional enemy. Austria was making an attempt to shield the open frontiers of the Continent from the forward-thrusting East during years of fighting, while in Europe itself the religious wars had broken out. In France the Huguenot War was raging, while Scotland watched its queen, Mary Stuart, die under the headsman's axe. Don Carlos died mysteriously in Spain and in Germany the subjects were expected to accept the religion of their ruler together with his bread. Philip II of Spain and Queen Elisabeth had started new epochs in their kingdoms, while Italy had found its way to baroque style and culture after the glorious period of the Renaissance.

In the Roman-German Empire the brilliant period of Karl V, whose arrival was welcomed by Albrecht Dürer and whom Titian painted before his death, was past. Emperor Rudolf II had retreated to his gloomy castle at Prague in order to forget the cares of the Empire in astrological meditations. Groups of persons exiled on account of their faith wandered from country to country, while the conflicts which were to lead to the murderous Thirty Years' War were coming to a head.

In these troublous times, in 1587, the twenty-eight-year-old Wolf Dietrich was placed on the Archbishop's Throne of Salzburg, chosen by the prelates of the Cathedral. His ambitious dreams given practical shape by travelling as a cavalier through Italy, France and Spain, there came as a flash the idea of attaining sovereign power with a

Fountstadt.

bushes to the cluster of Salzburg islands. The hill which is crowned by Hohensalzburg forms a slight hollow in the protective shelter of which the old city, guarded from above, to the rear and on its flanks by the mountain, and in front by the river, opens its eyes to the morning sun. The rejoicing peals of the bells of two dozen churches sound like the wakening cry of a happy and beloved child.

"To the North and the North-West the long plain so expands that everything approaching the city in olden times was visible days ahead. At midday the sun shoots burning arrows into this open countryside. There lies Bavaria with —far away—Passau, city of bishops. From here the northern, Germanic world reaches out to meet these territories so closely linked with the South. Here the skies above Salzburg arch dominatingly over the surrounding heights.

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Leopoldskron Castle.

133 "The picture would be incomplete if one failed to mention the many spots where the green of the meadows, moors and hills is pierced by rocky, barren stone. Constantly the soft blanket of earth is broken by a chalky dolomite hump, a rocky ridge of the same ancient grey as the massive Hohensalzburg, which rises sharply or in milder contours from the soil. The Gaisberg also displays this almost yellowed grey tone, particularly in places where the new motor highway cuts into it, carrying a suggestion of the skin of a snake, or of the sun-bleached baroque façades which are such a feature of Salzburg. But one would seek in vain for a comparison for the proud, starkly outlined peaks of bare rock, which here and there jut out from the crest of the Untersberg.

"Turning towards the south-east, one cannot fail to be reminded of the sandstone of the Vienna Basin, the so-called Mediterranean Terraces of tertiary rock on which, as Stifter says, "the fiery stream of wine lies slumbering". The Plainer Hills are of a similar rock-formation, rising above the later morraines and the moors of the Salzburg plain. According to dependable reports, there was once a vineyard here which became the basis of the cellars of the good monks of St. Peter's in the valley below."

000 Our traveller, aroused at last from solitary contemplation, found himself alone on the tower of Hohensalzburg. His cheeks changed colour, for the air had undergone as great a change as the walls of the fortress, and the sun suddenly lost its power. To the West lay a leaden pall which within seconds dissolved in rain, sweeping in sheets over the blotted-out plain. The long grass visibly and gratefully revived beneath it, and from the moors rose clouds of mist. But before the ground was really damp, the sun was victorious, building its own triumphal arch across the heavens. Not enough with one, two

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Werfen Castle.

175 the bishops, the peasant revolts and days of baroque glory to the rapid change in history after the last of the archbishops, Prince Colloredo, had fled "abroad" (meaning Vienna), to abdicate there. The Duke of Toscana succeeded to the Province, but he soon exchanged it for the rulership of Würsburg, Salzburg thereby becoming Austrian territory until, soon afterwards, it was given to Bavaria by Napoleon. Four years afterwards it was "repatriated" at the cost of money, or rather of land, namely the left bank of the Salzach, remaining from this time onwards a Crown land of the Monarchy and finally becoming the modern Austrian province.

● 133 All this and much more the swift green Salzach saw, this river which rises in the western corner of the Province, high above on the Salzachgeier and traverses the land like the veins of a transparent leaf. Following the course of the Salzach upwards from Salzburg, one soon reaches the Lueg Pass, and on emerging on the other side of the tunnel one usually finds entirely different weather. The cloudy sky which one has left behind is here clear. Glorious mountain air comes down from the Hochkönig which, with its glacier, the "Übergossene Alm" (the "Drowned Field") is some nine thousand feet high. To make the ski descent from Hochkönig to Werfen, a run of over 2400 yards, is a rare experience for sportsmen. On the opposite side the Tennen-

ground the starting point of the Thirty Years' War, the open-air stage of the Heilbrunn Steintheater, one of the oldest of the German out-of-door theatres, was producing an opera called "Andromeda". "Il Orfeo" and other plays followed, bearing witness to the Archbishop's love of art. The latter soon afterwards erected a baroque stage in the Italian style in his official residence.

In 1628 the Cathedral was completed by Paris Lodron. The sumptuous interior, with its 12 balconies and several organs concealed under the great dome, made it possible for Orazio Benevoli, composer of the Cathedral Dedication Mass, to make use of the many-choired, many-voiced style of the Venetian-Roman school with unimaginable effect. That unforgettable "Dedication Mass" has gone down in the history of great music, employing as it did 16 vocal and 34 instrumental voices with the assistance of 3 organs, the singing voices being divided up into no less than 8 different choirs which were posted on 12 different balconies. It was at this period that the Salzburg cathedral and church concerts, which were to grow into an honourable tradition, made their promising start.

So was born and developed that unique atmosphere of Salzburg musical and theatrical culture which was built up by Benevoli, Bernardi, Meyerle and Hofer, Muffat and Biber, Eberlin and Caldara up to the pre-Mozart period of Leopold Mozart, father of Wolfgang Amadeus, Cajetan Adlgasser and Michael Haydn, brother of Josef Haydn.

On January 27th, 1756, a son was born to the Archbishop's Concert Director, Leopold Mozart, who was baptised under the name of Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Amadeus. This child was destined to become Salzburg's greatest son.

"Perchtenlauf" in St. Johann im Pongau.

gebirge rises starkly with its gigantic caves of ice; the gloom, the echoes and the changing light of the latter have the fascination of the underworld. The castle high above Werfen, one of the few in these chivalric-clerical surroundings, has never been taken by storm and is therefore well preserved, although it was once almost gutted by fire.

The course of the Salzach now takes a sharp turn to the left, bringing it close to the vast bulk of the Hohen Tauern. Within this curve lies the entrance to a charming freak of nature, the Liechtensteinklamm. The Arlbach here cuts its way violently through the Radstadt chalk. The gorge resulting, the Liechtensteinklamm, is extremely narrow. Still today the inexorable water cuts into the proud and deeply wounded rock, sawing it in twain. One follows the vigorous water-saw on a slippery plank-walk, along the cleft in the path, deafened and often drenched in fine spray. From time to time one is startled

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The Wolfgangsee.

by a mysterious roaring from the depths of the mountain. Soon one finds oneself within this mountain, remote from the sun even though it be at its zenith, trapped in a damp gorge, surrounded by high walls but sure of one's way on the narrow path which has been carved out of the stone. The water foams angrily through narrow passes, tearing at the rocks, wearing away the stones, swirling and growling through the hollows it has worn in the walls, leaping, tossing, screaming, as though a terrible rebellion had broken out in the usually placid element.

133 529 The next lateral valley is watered by the Gastein Ache, the healing and magical waters of which are well-known. The two Gasteins, Hof- and Badgastein, are world famous. The reputation of these health resorts has been connected for centuries with the names of illustrious visitors. These two spas which formerly slept in winter now attract crowds of visitors through their ski-lifts. They seek health in the neighbouring mountains, which vary from giants which climb to 654 glacial heights to more gentle hills. Nearby lies the Sonnblick with a meteorogical station lying at a height of 10,000 feet above sea level. A further lateral valley 133 serpentines in the bold curves of a car road up the gigantic bulk of the Grossglockner, providing enchanting glimpses of rushing mountain streams glittering far below and of white, foaming waterfalls which sway in the wind like the beards of ancients. Over all this, a vast sea of cloud.

This giant world of the alps rules the emotions of man with almost painful majesty, commanding his ear, absorbing his glances, and forcing him to speak almost in whispers. One can imagine this vast mass of rock with its thin covering of arid grasses groaning under the indignity which the splendid road has imposed upon it. One can almost feel the mountain rising and falling as it breathes deeply, seeking to hurl the crawling, twisting car into the depths which make one giddy as one looks down.

In the far distance light and shade change as in a Rembrandt picture. Amidst this stupendous landscape, one experiences a feeling of liberation and lives through a whole gamut of emotions, passing from sheer amazement to a sense of com-

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prehension of all things in which time no longer plays a part. The motor road climbs to a height of almost 7800 feet, ending at the foot of the ascent to the highest peak (12,000 feet).

The Glocknerstrasse. View of the Edelweiss Peak.

The Glocknerstrasse takes its start in the pretty little valley town of Bruck-Fusch, near the Zeller Lake, on which the railways and motor roads leading to the Saalach Valley also converge. Zell-am-See, in winter a happy training area for skiers, becomes in summer a gaily-coloured and picturesque holiday resort.

Valley after valley winds through the giants of the Tauern world until the Grossvenediger is reached, and finally one of Salzburg's two frontiers, that with Italy, which is dominated by the Dreiherrenspitze.

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Let us return gradually to the eastern end of the Province where the Niedern Tauern sink by degrees to lay themselves at the foot of man, so to speak, in the Tauern Pass. It must not be imagined that they make it any too easy for him; even this pass, swept by snowstorm and avalanches, is 5400 feet high. On this high plateau lies a blue-white alpine paradise, which makes way for the road to the Lungau, a region consisting mainly of high plains characterised by their clear, sparkling air filled with the faint scent and whispering music of the otherwise rarely-seen larches. Mauterndorf, Maria Pfarr, Moosham (a casket of treasures from a mediaeval museum) and finally Tamsweg, well-known as the coldest place in Austria, and also for its beauty. Spread out in generous profusion are a number of strong, well-built settlements, solid in construction, with beautiful old churches and a horizon of mountain silhouettes. Further away, beyond the confines of the province of Salzburg, towers the mighty Dachstein:

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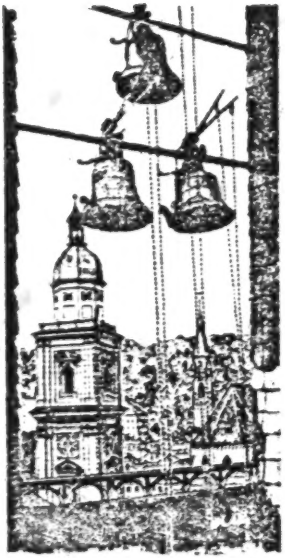
Behind the nobly formed Bischofsmütze and the remote stretches of the Gamsfeld the Schafberg lifts its beaky nose over the dark waters of the Wolfgangsee, the bizarrely picturesque mountains grouped about it like stage scenery.

133 From the heights of the "Landauer", a shady resting place opposite, one looks down into sheltered St. Wolfgang. From here a cheerfully puffing engine takes us up the rack-and-pinion railway to the Schafberg. The view from the summit discloses a picture of such divine beauty that the name given to one of the stations, "Himmelspforte" ("Heaven's Gate"), seems quite justified. Beneath the precipice which falls abruptly away stretches the pale blue of the dancing Attersee, the whitely shimmering Mondsee (Moon Lake), while the deep blue of the Wolfgangsee completes a unique Trinity which even if it should not be compared to holy things, must yet be admitted to be divine in its gaiety, and has a beauty which almost hurts the eye as it gazes upon it insatiably.

Travelling westwards from the Wolfgangsee one arrives once more at the city of Salzburg. The road offers variety enough as it leads past the small, jade-coloured Fuschlsee, following the bends and curves of the Gaisberg as it winds around it, passing the bare Nockstein before it reaches the city on the Salzach.



Belfry.

000 But let a visitor speak again, that same admirer of Salzburg whom we last met on the "High Fortress", who finds himself attracted again and again towards the capital:

"Even after a few days away I felt drawn again to Salzburg. It seemed to me that there was sanctuary there, and security; a feeling of being in a chosen home, such as one gets in a castle. Thus in the evening we turned towards the city. The fields became darker and darker, a deep black-green, with inky spots of pine-wood above which this or that summit was still daubed in flaming colours by the setting sun. Yellow-white houses lay scattered about like crustaceans on the sea shore. The bushes beside the pale grey roadway were rounded off, macabre as evergreens against a white wall.

"In the sky and on the earth glittered golden stars. A penetrant smell of shave-grass arose from the earth. A myriad grasshoppers filled the air with their shrill, uncanny harping. We seemed to smell the very perfume of the shadows. The moon broke suddenly, violently, through a bank of clouds. The cool of the evening softly touched forehead and cheek.

Evening on the Ossiachersee.

Over Carinthia hovers the atmosphere peculiar to a frontier province, the perfume of far-distant lands which, coming as it does here from the Slavonic East and the Latin South, makes one's heart beat faster even in settled times. The irresistible stream of life constantly carries a trace of foreign customs through the filter where contact is made with other territories, influencing both nature and the works of man. The force of nature is so strong that it is able to combine even opposing elements into a united whole, forming from them something individual, compact, harmonious, truly Austrian and specifically Carinthian.

SYMPHONY OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. In its physical features the province resembles a mussel-shell, with level ground and deep rills which extend far up into the surrounding framework of mountains. At first falling steeply, then more gradually, the mountains sink into the plain from the west, north and east. To the south stands a disconnected Alpine wall.

Nature has left but few passes in this girdle of mountains, and even these are barely usable in winter. All the valleys lead to the lowest level where the waters collect, to be released eastwards by a single outlet, that which the Drau has made by its own force.

But what a variety of contours, what play of colours this mussel-shaped Province offers. It would be hard to find such a many-toned melody of colour and form within another area as small as this, with its bare 10,000 square kilometres.

133 The types of rock and strata, of erosion and accumulation, vary within very limited areas. The work accomplished by long-vanished glaciers of the Ice Age is etched in intriguing lines. Below in the valleys lie lakes with shallow and sandy creeks of an almost southern warmth, above them terraces and debris of moraines now thickly wooded. In the hollow lie the isolated hills and the bogs. Up in the mountains you can find romantic lakes and waterfalls, harsh clefts and bare ridges and the wild confusion of the crust of a forgotten world, petrified while still in eruption, then scoured and pounded by wild storms. Add to this the colourful variety of the vegetation, enriched by the flora of the adjacent Mediterranean, Illyrian and Baltic territories; the deciduous forests and woods of mingled firs and larches, and the flowering carpet of the mountain pastures. Who can explain the presence amidst all this profusion of the Wulfenia, a plant native to the Himalayas and unknown in any other part of Europe?

ANDANTE MAESTOSO. Where the province joins Tyrol and Salzburg, it is dominated by the Hohe Tauern, which culminate in the majestic pyramid of the Grossglockner (approximately 12,000 feet) above the Pasterzen Glacier. The colours of the meadows and woods stand out sharply contrasted against rocks and snow. Through it runs the magnificently constructed alpine highway to Salzburg. [491] On the Carinthian side the Möll foams past the well-known mountain village of Heiligenblut, to be joined by the waters of the Malta from Ankogel and Hochalmspitze. Through the glistening spray of a hundred waterfalls it flows into the Lieser, which absorbs it near the ancient town of Gmünd (traversed by a road in use since Roman times which leads over the Katschberg to Salzburg), and bears it onwards to the Drau at Spittal, the starting point of the Tauern railway. Shortly before this the river is joined by the overflow waters of the Millstättersee. This area

7: Marboe U-3 (no date) 1948 EK1 Austria EK1

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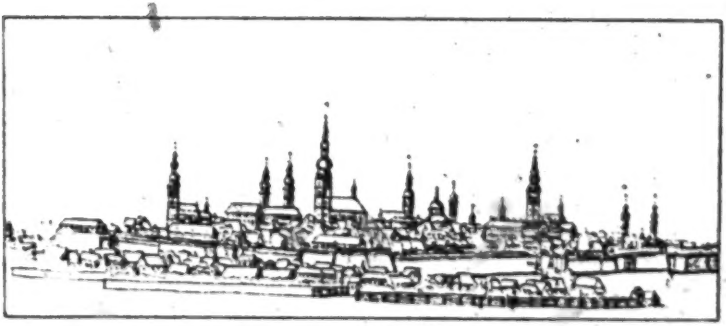
FROM HISTORY

In the year 976, when the Emperor Otto conferred the Eastern Marches on the Babenbergs, he also separated Bavaria from Carinthia. From this time dates the independent existence of the Province, at first as a subject duchy. In 1077 the house of Eppenstein established its independent rule, to be followed by that of Spanheim and—after the brief interlude of Ottokar of Bohemia—by the line of Mainhard, an offshoot of the family of the Counts of Tyrol. In 1335 the province became a permanent possession of the Hapsburgs. Carinthia, the frontier province, fell like other districts a victim to the disorders and famines of that period. The constant bloody invasions of the Turks, Hungarians and Venetians gave its patriotic inhabitants opportunity to prove their loyalty and courage in the face of the enemy. The Emperor Friedrich III sent word to the Carinthians that "they had earned for all time thanks, honour and praise from the Holy Empire."

Then Carinthia developed during almost three centuries of peace and achieved great prosperity. The riches found in the mountains played a big role—iron, first mined by the Romans, came from Hüttenberg, lead from the Bleiberggraben and the Karawanken, gold and silver from the Tauern. Feudal overlords were still powerful in the land: the Archbishop of Salzburg in Friesach and the Bishop of Bamberg in Villach were the mightiest. They created these towns, whose commanding positions on the great traffic routes gave them an importance which even exceeded that of the old ducal town of St. Veit. The Duke and the Court officials of the Princes of the Church gave the countryside the imprint of the rule of a mediaeval aristocracy through their numerous castles and country residences. This imprint lingers on formerly prospered from the water-power of the mountains, as old stamping-mills and finely escutcheoned mansions in quiet valleys and on deserted heights still bear witness. Today it belongs to the devotees of mountain climbing, ski enthusiasts, and worshippers of the world of the great mountains who find happiness among the edelweiss, gentian, rhododendron and scented nigritella, to the marksman who pursues the noble chamois up the mountain clefts and to motorists who find pleasure in following the curves and twists of the excellent mountain roads.

ALLEGRO CON MOTO. From here up to the Styrian Alps, and running parallel to them, stretch the Noric Alps. Here there are a few summits over 6000 feet, but as the world of eternal snow and ice is left behind, the majestic note gives peace to the sighing of vast forests. Within the wide crescent which they form together with the lower groups of the Gurktaler Alps, the Nockberge and the Metnitztaler Alps as far as the deep valley of the Olsa, life is peaceful,

Glocknerstrasse.



Klagenfurt Etching, 1547.

133 with a tempered gaiety. The softly rounded hills and grass-covered slopes with their carpets of flowers strike a bucolic note. This is a domain of shepherds and of modest travellers who come here in summer in search of peace and placid beauty. In winter it is a ski-terrain which not even the novice need fear to tackle. The cable railway to the Kanzel, above the Ossiachersee, which is extended by a ski-lift to the heights of the Gerlitzen, saves a long climb. Broad valleys which are all traversible lead from the Glan, the Gurk and the Lavant through a fertile and cultivated area back to the Drau. The Brennsee and the Afritzersee maintain Carinthia's reputation as a country for warm lake bathing. High up on the Turrach Pass which leads over into the Valley of the Upper Mur one sees the dark, shining surface of a small lake. Towards the East, where gaps leading from north to south mark out the line of the mountain ranges and the flowing water, the melody of the landscape becomes softer as one crosses the saddles of the Kor and Sau Alps with their abundant fauna until it blends into the farewell song of the Drau. Along a railway line and the dreamy road which Rudolf Hans Bartsch calls "the road of the Styrian wine carrier", Carinthia's chief river passes over into the rich vineyards of what was formerly Austrian South Styria. Not far from Wolfsberg, chief town of the fruit-producing Lavant Valley, the "Paradise of Carinthia", a modern car road leads over the

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Lavant Valley Costume.

Villach, 17th Century.

in the ring of castles surrounding St. Veit, of which the famous Hochosterwitz may be called a "Carinthian Grail", in the castles crowning Friesach and in the fortified mansions near the Italian frontier. A later creation of these proud overlords was Klagenfurt, now the chief town of the Province. Sheltered by the castles and towns splendid buildings arose—in Klagenfurt the Provincial Diet Hall, in Spittal-on-the-Drau a dream of early Renaissance in the shape of the Palazzo Porcia. Here and elsewhere grew up many a comfortable burgher's house which spoke of prosperity resulting from thriving trading, and some fine churches.

The Napoleonic times did not spare peaceful Carinthia. General Bonaparte marched through the Province in 1797. The Imperial grenadiers occupied it in 1805 and 1809. Open rebellion against the foreign conqueror was organised by Johann Baptist Türk, the Carinthian Andreas Hofer. He moved too early in the day to be successful and it was not until 1814, under Metternich, that the great hour of liberation from foreign rule struck.

During the stormy year of 1848 the inner unity of Carinthia was again demonstrated. It was the same during the first World War, the mountain

saddle of the Pack into the Graz basin, thus affording a quicker and more comfortable connection with Styria than is provided by the railway which runs by way of Friesach and the Neumarkt Saddle. On the southern slopes the peasants' houses lie at very high altitudes. The Benedictine monastery of St. Paul, a well-known educational centre, is situated here. In the mountains are iron ore and coal. The wind sweeps through the extensive forests, and across flower covered fields in which the blue squill, a child of the South, is still to be found.

FURIOSO. South of the west-east line which the Gail-Drau Valley cuts through Carinthia, at the foot of the frontier wall formed by the Carnic-Julian Alps and the Karawanken, the melody of the landscape is different again. After the *Andante* of the Hohen Tauern and *Allegro* of the Noric Alps which is transformed into the softer airs of the Lavant Valley, comes the wild *Furioso* of the storm-swept Kalkgebirge.

Between the Gail and the Drau, the Gailtaler Alps sometimes rise to a height of 6000 feet. To the south they fall away in impresaive walls of rock. On the more gentle northern slopes

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frontiers of the Province proving an insurmountable barrier. In 1918 South Serbia laid claim to Carinthian territory and foreign troops soon invaded a country which had collapsed after four years of war. But the Carinthians stood firm in loyalty to the Motherland, and the Province emerged intact from the defensive battles of the year 1919 and the plebiscite of 1920. The inflexible patriotism of its people had triumphed. History repeated itself after the second World War in which Austria was involved. The old saying "Carinthia free and undivided" will be bequeathed by the present sorely-tried generation to its sons, as an inheritance which is part of the very existence of the Province.

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WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE LIKE

Anthropologically there are two main types clearly traceable in Carinthia: a blond, tall, long-skulled type and a dark, tall, long-faced but short-skulled type. Both types are about equally prevalent. The eastern type of man, smaller with a broader skull and darker skin, is less frequently met with. Here and there in many places there are isolated traces of a Mongol race, revealed by the characteristically wrinkled eyelid and the position of the eye. It is typical of Carinthia that none of these traits indicates a national division. They result from centuries of constant racial intermingling, being found quite as frequently among the German-speaking as among the Slovene inhabitants of the Province. It seems that the original Celtic peasant inhabitants gradually mixed with Germanic, Slovenic and other elements which penetrated the Province as the result of colonisation, wars and the expeditions of merchant caravans.

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Living in this area marked out by its natural boundaries, these peoples, aided by the effects of common conditions of life and progressive intermarriage, gradually developed into that Austrian-

lies the picturesque Weissensee, the only alpine lake which can boast of a bridge. The Gailberg offers a way over this mountain range connecting the towns of Kötschach and Oberdrauburg. A second road leads over the Kreuzberg between Hermagor in the Gail Valley and Greifenburg in the Drau Valley. Where the two broad river valleys meet lies Villach, on the extensive mountain plateau of the Dobratsch which has been given the name of "Carinthian Rigi" on account of the wonderful view from it. The acrothermal baths and the valuable metals won from the Bleiberger Erzberge are some compensation for the devastation caused by landslides in the dawn of history on the south side of the Dobratsch. The wierd scenery must be in part the reason why a famous colony of painters has settled in these parts, in the village of Nötsch. Among them are such well-known artists as Franz Wiegele, Arnold Clemenschitsch, Kolig senior and Herbert Boeckl, as well as Anton Mahringer and Raimund Kalcher.

Only south of the Gail Valley and of the lower reaches of the Drau is the wild character of the frontier mountains fully apparent. The wall of the Carinthian-Julian Alps stretches from Tyrol to the Gailitz Gorge through which passes the railway-line to Italy. In the Monte Coglians it attains a height of 9000 feet. It has a single negotiable pass—a military road even in Roman times—at Plöcken. The crests of the ranges tower upwards in pyramids or sheer walls of rock in a bewildering variety of forms, differing according to their height and the type of stone. Dense beech woods alternate with open fields, the meadows of the Gartnerkofel reflect the majestic violet blossoms of the Wulfenia. The Wolayersee reflects an impressive view of the surrounding country.

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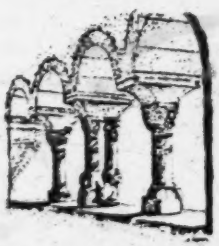
The Landhaus, Klagenfurt.

Lower down in the Gail Valley lies the reed-girdled Presseggersee.

Next comes the unbroken wall of the Karawanken Alps, their highest point, the Hochstuhl, lying well above 6000 feet. This range is a continuous chain of peaks, ridges, rocky clefts and awe-inspiring precipices as far as the Obir, the slopes of which in places suggest a monstrous stairway. The rose-tinted "Alpine glow" of these mountains in the setting sun is an unforgettable picture. The great pyramid of the Mittagskogel is reflected in the Faakersee, which many consider the most beautiful lake of Carinthia. Nature has allowed few streams to flow from this mountain, but the river named after Bad Vellach is an exception. Here, in the neighbourhood of Eisenkappel, ancient volcanic formations give a picture of a prehistoric mountain world. Its wildness is modified by the beauty of the Drau Valley, a considerable part of which is known as the "Rosental"—"Rose-Valley". This picturesque name has nothing to do with roses, but may be connected with the rectangular fields of ripening buckwheat which, with their rosy shimmer, are a pleasure to the eye when one looks down from the terrace of the Hollenburg on to the old armoury of the "Gun-Maker of Ferlach". The name really derives from the lords of Raseneck-Rosegg, who owned a fortified castle at the same place. Apart from this, the rudeness of nature is tempered only by the pine forests, and, in spring, by the sea of narcissi which bloom in the mountain pastures. Josef Friedrich Perkonig, the great writer on Carinthian scenery, called these parts "the quiet kingdoms". The Karawanken can be traversed by the Wurzen Pass, the Loibl Pass and a road crossing the Seeberg; at Rosenbach they are pierced by a railway tunnel.

PASSACAGLIA. All these different groups of mountains which vary so greatly from one another combine to form a delightful enclave in the heart of Carinthia, where the varied motifs of the scenic melody are repeated in a comprehensive recitatif. From the prehistoric mountains, mighty glacial streams which dug for the lakes of today their deep beds descended to the valleys. There are more than 200 of these in Carinthia. The rivers brought gravel and clay and continued



Millstatt, Cloister Walk.

alpine type which is nowadays implied by the use of the word "Carinthian", creating a feeling of natural common weal, without entirely destroying specific indications of individual differences. An extravagant capacity for enthusiasm, a light-hearted joi de vivre and love of good food, an impulse towards what is great and profound, are ascribed to the Germanic element. Rough and primitive strength, loyalty, a coarse sense of humour and self-confidence are believed to originate in the Celtic admixture. From this last the people are considered to derive a certain uncomprehending tendency to reject all that is new or unusual, the much criticised tendency to leave everything as it has always been. Whether this be true or not, all these qualities do, in fact, mark out the Carinthian generally, with little distinction as to his mother tongue. They equalise out in the souls of the people, stormy contradictions blending in the calm of a purposeful attitude towards life. Light usually triumphs over the darkness of the depths.

NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

The colourful customs of the inhabitants derive from age-old sources. In Central and Lower Carinthia, they date from the Celtic part of the prehistoric migrating hordes and the days before the birth of Christ. Heathen processions around the mountains in spring which led to the heights of former Celtic places of worship, became in Christian times Easter pilgrimages, such as the strange "Vierbergelaufen" in the Zollfeld area. The customs and legends of Upper Carinthia date back to the times of Teutonic invasions. Prayers for good harvest weather and for fertility embodied in the old custom of blessing the fields, the solstice fires and the marriage customs as well as those of the "Rauhnächte" have undergone many a change since they were first

Gail Valley Costumes.

building on the inheritance of the moraines of the ice age. The mountain winds carried seeds from afar. Thus there came into being a mixed landscape of thickly covered, isolated summits, ranges of hills, meadows, ploughed fields and stretches of water. 133

In this enclave lies the largest lake, the Wörthersee, the centre of summer holiday life, a reservoir of warmth covering an area of some 20 square kilometres. On its shores are many country houses, colonies of bathing huts and popular holiday resorts, among which the most important are the spas of Velden and Pörtschach. The Wörthersee is also a first class centre for sport of all kinds. On its beaches are crowds of bathers, swimming and playing games of water-ball; beyond them rowing boats explore the bays and inlets, while further out again, white sails swell in the wind and speed boats flash by, many towing a surf-riding board on which a bronzed figure is precariously balanced. In late winter, the wide surface may become a skating rink of vast dimensions. On the shores of the other lakes, large and small, life is less intense, but more idyllic. The Ossiachersee dreams pensively in the shadow of 133 529 133

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Shrine.

the Gerlitzen, with the secularised monastery of Ossiach on its shores. The broad and open Millstättersee, named after the health resort of Millstatt in the centre of which are a monastery and church of venerable age, looks serenely out at the world. Of the "Thousand Statues" which classical scholars claim to have been the origin of the name there is today no trace, unless one is prepared to find a modern version of them in the muscular figures which crowd the great diving-tower of the swimming pool, a true campanile of water sport. The Faakersee lies amidst fascinatingly beautiful scenery. Far away in the south of the Province smiles the little Kloppeinersee, which can boast of being even a few degrees warmer than the Wörthersee.

This lake owes its agreeable temperature to its sheltered position. Although the southern sun reaches it across the wall of mountains, the latter wards off cold winds. During the greater part of the year, this lake forms a calm island of fine weather amidst the surrounding storms. If one looks across the countryside from the Ulrichsberg, Carinthia's most typical mountain, one gets a good picture of how all the varied elements which make up the landscape blend harmoniously together—the central part of the great mussel of Carinthia and the surrounding mountains, with the valley of the Drau which traverses the entire Province from the Porta Tyroliae at Oberdrauburg to Unterdrauburg at the other end and beyond, receiving all the tributary streams and the ribbons of the highways which, a true network of roads, lead from all directions to the heart of the Province.

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RESTING PLACE BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH. Whoever wishes to enter or leave Carinthia must traverse a high pass or a narrow gorge, no matter from where he comes. So nature has ordained.

For this reason the roads have stood from time immemorial, however much they may have been improved by science. Their wearisome length, their task of linking the Adriatic arm of the Mediterranean with the Danube Valley area, have influenced the way of life of human beings and their choice of settlements. Carinthia is and always has been a resting-place for recuperation after climbing up from the sea level and overcoming the barrier of the southern Alps, before preparing to cross those to the North.

Glan Valley Costume.

The pattern of the Roman roads has been indelibly recorded. There is the Noric Road, which

inanimated. Hüttenberg has its "Reiftanz", a miners' festival which expresses the longing for light of those who hew coal in darkness below ground. The "Kufenstechen" in the Gail Valley where horse-breeding is important to the people, derives from old tournaments. A ring which is held out on to the course by a girl has to be speared at full gallop. The "Kranzelstechen" in Weitensfeld in the Gurk Valley is a similar custom.

On such festive occasions, or at the ceremony of the dedication of the local church, one sees the old national costumes which are heirlooms in the valleys. At other times simple garments of home-woven linen and "Loden" (coarse woollen cloth) are usually worn.

VILLAGE AND FARM

Variety lends a special charm to farm and village. Scattered in small groups, the buildings stand in colourful and attractive gardens filled with flowers and enclosed by hedges. Built here of wood and there of stone, flat alternate with sloping roofs, and pergolas crossing the garden from one side to the other with those running the length of it. The wooden pillars supporting the veranda roofs are always carved; doors and windows are framed in colour and decorated by flowers. The "Kachelofenstube" ("Tiled Stove Room") contains hand-carved furniture and gaily painted chests. In the remoter valleys the "Rauchstube" ("Smoky Room") is still to be found. Originally it was a living room with an open fireplace and hand-made copper vessels. Shrines and waynids crosses differ greatly one from the other. Grain chests display the pleasure taken in artistic hand carving and colouring.

The food of the country people is simple and wholesome. Milk and sweet dishes made from flour form the basis of nourishment. Of the latter the most popular in town and country are the large "Nudel", a sort of cake, made of

Gmünd.

begins at Aquileia and forks north of Osoppo, the western branch crossing the Plöckenpass and the eastern the watershed of Pontebba. Where it emerges from the high mountains arose the modern Mauthen on the site of Loncium, and where it crosses the Gailberg into the Drau Valley grew up Oberdrauburg. Here one branch leads past Aguntum-Lienz through the Puster Valley to the Brenner and another past Teurnia (now called St.-Peter-im-Holz), Spittal-on-the-Drau and Gmünd to the Katschberg and on to Salzburg. The eastern fork runs from Pontebba-Tarvis to the place where the trading centre of Villach developed, and past the Ossiachersee and the Wörthersee to Virunum at Zollfeld, near the point where Klagenfurt was established, and further on to St. Veit, where the former dukes of the Province held court. Further along its course

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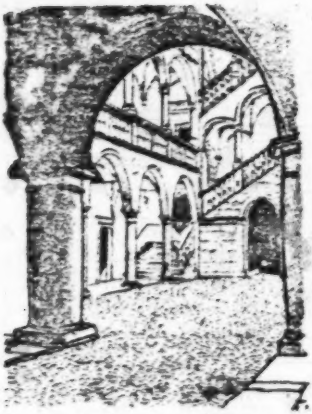

Spittal, Castle Porcia.

to the Neumarkter Sattel and Styria arose the proud town of Friesach. From Virunum a road led eastwards. On this route lie the larger towns of Southern Carinthia, such as Völkermarkt and Bleiburg.

This natural network of roads is as much used as ever today. This has maintained the prosperity of the settlements along its path. The fulcrum may have varied its position slightly as the area developed, but it has always lain within the triangle Villach—Klagenfurt—St. Veit. The advent of the locomotive, of the automobile, even of the airplane have brought little change in this respect. These routes follow the historic, natural highways. At most, where in olden times an obstacle was circumvented, it is today surmounted by an artificial construction, or bored through by a mountain tunnel as the Tauern railway does at Mallnitz and the Karawanken railway at Rosenbach. Even the airplane flying high above follows the old Pontebba route in order to avoid dangerous storms.

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THE TOWNS OF CARINTHIA. The Carinthian settlements have earned their right to be called towns more through their historic past than for any other reason. They are small in size and their economic importance varies greatly. Nowhere do they crush nature like a stone fist, forcefully suppressing it. It is nature which encircles and penetrates them, surrounding them with a framework of lovely scenery, predestinated and naturally developed as centres of a district. This may be the reason why for a long time none of them was given the absolute dominance of a capital. An additional reason may be that the three most important places all lie in the centre part of the Province close together, having originated in different feudal territories of which they formed the centre.

The old ducal town of St.-Veit-on-the-Glan, where Walther von der Vogelweide sang, as well as his less talented colleague, the Carinthian Zachäus von Himmelberg, was pre-eminently a fashionable court centre, which later came into competition with the picturesque little mountain town of Althofen, an iron trading centre. Today it is a typical provincial town,

Klagenfurt, the Dragon.

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ROUNDING OFF THE PICTURE. The broad belt of mountains whose waters flow into the Carinthian basin, towards which their valleys also run, and the uniform transport network which has consequently developed and has its centre here, have helped to give Carinthia remarkable political and economic unity.

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Within its confines there are no dividing barriers. No one area of Carinthia could exist independently of the others. They supply one another's needs. Without serious loss no one of them could be separated from the others and attached to some neighbouring economic territory dependent on a too distant centre. Their life is indissolubly united with the whole Carinthian plain and its towns which are the essential nerve-centres—Klagenfurt, with its government-offices and most of the higher schools, a scientific centre of the Geschichtsverein (Historical Research Society) for Carinthia and the museum collections provides for administration and cultural life, Villach as a railway junction of great importance looks after the technical requirements of the communications system. These two towns with St.-Veit-on-the-Glan and the rest of the smaller towns give the area its necessary economic backing.

Thus this compact organisation is permeated by all those elements of which the living body of Carinthia is constituted. It is surrounded by the eternal symphony of colourful scenery, interesting through its peculiar mingling of culture and national dress, exciting by virtue of the far-away magic beyond its frontiers.

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Graz, Mausoleum.

This Province, on the northern fringe of which the Kalkalpen stand as shimmering walls, and into which, between the Radlpass and the Wechsel, the sources of its streams and rivers flow from the primeval formations of the Lower Tauern and the Styrian border mountains, this Styrian land, which ends with its broad valleys of ploughland and gently sloping vineyard hills to the east and the south, has never lacked admirers to sing its praises. 133

Styria takes its name from the Count of Steyr, who in the 12th century was entrusted with this territory as a frontier outpost in the south-eastern corner of the Empire. Frequently overrun, defeated and rebuilt in the course of the changing centuries, its history has indeed been that of an outer march. Its name brings with it the memory of stubborn struggles, and the silver panther on a green field stands to honour its spirit in its coat of arms, kept immaculate by manly courage. 103

How shall one try here to describe the Province in a few words? At what boundary should one begin, at what places pause to use that district and its inhabitants to illustrate the whole? Obviously from Graz, the capital, we must try to get a glimpse and general picture of past and present. A fishing village and a market-place near the Mur Bridge in the shadow of the fortifications of the Castle Rock—this was Graz more than 900 years ago. Civic industry, the good and ill fortune brought by the centuries, have filled its history. Emperors have reigned there, and there also servants of art and science have come together from all quarters of the globe. Today Graz is a town with a quarter of a million inhabitants, surrounded by busy industrial 361

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361 districts, but the old Cathedral with the Mausoleum, the Armoury and the Joanneum are carefully preserved and living witnesses to its colourful past.

The other towns of the Province are no less worthy of consideration; Bruck, formerly so wealthy, with the famous Market Fountain in front of the Kornmesserhaus, the iron-producing town of Leoben, the trading centres of Judenburg and Murau, the last of which has grown up so charmingly around its Schlossberg.

Space calls for brevity. We must limit our wanderings to three districts; from them, we can learn to know the whole of Styria.

133 WEST STYRIA. It is part of the secret of Western Styria that the colourful and clamorous life of our times which is to be met within a number of mining and industrial settlements from Steyeregg to Piberstein is constantly influenced by the underlying muted tones of the ancient soul of the Province, which lives on in its quiet woodland solitudes. The southernmost point is the mountainous country beyond Eibiswald, crowned by the distant heights of the Koralm Range. The Freiland forms part of the Province and above it the tiny church of Maria-Osterwitz, which grows up into the clouds. There is that little corner behind Modriach and Pack which seems lost to the world, where they adhere more closely to ancient custom and habits of work than elsewhere. There is the Gösnitz.

with its steeply sloping fields rising above the rushing mill-streams below. Still valleys sweep in attractive crescent form around and below the peaks of the Stubalpe. Everywhere in these barren farmlands from Radlpass to Lower Gleinalmspeik, the fields and meadows have been conquered from the wilderness of vast forests by means of fire and plough. Everywhere on these islands created by persistent, back-breaking peasant labour, the brown wooden farmhouses beneath their silver-grey roofs of slate defy the gales which come raging from the storm-centres of the mountain fields, and in age-old "Rauchstuben" the life-blood of ancient legends thaws again before the warmth of the open fire.

Beyond the savagery of the mountains, a world of vine-covered hills unrolls like a gay-coloured scarf before the dark girdle of the forest peasants land. On the sun-side of the mountains below the heights, the vineyards on the slopes are staked out with serried rows of vines on supporting poles. This is the picture which begins in a small way at the "Gasselberg", where with care it is possible to produce a Schilcher which has the proper tang alongside many an unassuming vintage. In the Styrian Schilchertal, between Ligist and Eibiswald, the view broadens and opens out. The vineyards there on the Hochstrassen and on the clear-cut, towering mountain ridge of Greisdorf are famous from olden times. The Engelweingarten above Stainz should be saluted with joyful respect, as should all the carefully tended vineyards where the Wildbach grapes ripen.

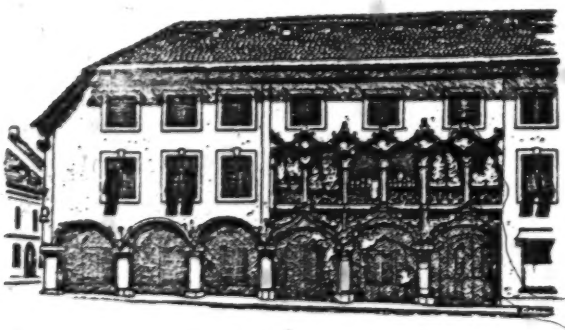
At the foot of this double garland of forest and vineyards is fruitful soil in which Turkish wheat prospers under a burning sun, yet despite all the riches which lie in the soil or come from the bright skies above, bad weather, misfortune and hard times have made the population adopt a grave and sometimes resigned attitude towards life.

A friend of the Styrian motherland wandering throughout the strip of country which we call West Styria and observing it with affection, would soon notice that beneath the noise and bustle of the fleeting present there lies hidden the treasure of a rich past. Roman inscriptions on stones and the tombstones of Italian officials and native Norics which are

Women of Laabon.

their slaves, the Slavs, before them with their whips. After the year 800 A.D. when Charlemagne had broken the tyranny of the Avars, there came monks from Salzburg to preach Christian doctrines and with them Bavarian peasants. But soon the Magyar invaders swept in to interrupt the peaceful work of these settlers among the natives. Only after the Battle of Lechfeld was it resumed. Then, with the vigour of the adolescent Western world as a spur, a civilisation based on the hard work of a simple peasantry grew throughout the centuries into that unobtrusive, modest culture which has survived all the hard tests of the past. In those early days the villages grew up on river banks and in sheltered corners between hills, overshadowed and protected by the castles of the ruling knights; the Riegersburg, which crowns the steep slopes of the Felsberg, is a fine example of the latter. Protection from the danger which always threatened from the East was afforded by the frontier towns of Friedberg, Hartberg, Fürstenfeld and Radkersburg. The burghers who lived in them and in the market-towns, proud of their social position, yet in close contact with the country-folk, kept the latter in touch with the developments of the age and brought to them profitable trade.

The Raab, the chief river of East Styria, flows broad, sluggish and dark from the districts where the villages melt into fertile fields and the storks nest on roof-tops and chimneys. As it hurries through Passail the river is still an immature mountain stream. From this remote and pleasant market-town Peter Engelbrecht once found his way to the Imperial Court in order to teach Latin grammar to Maximilian, later the first emperor of this name. Further on, below the old Strubenberg castle of Stubegg lies Arzberg, where, as the name suggests, lead ore (with a silver content) was mined.



Bruck-on-the-Mur, Kornmesshaus.

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Eraberg.

Then the walls of the Goller and the Gösser close in on the river at Raabklamm. Through this gorge a series of stone steps, foot-paths and bridges lead above the roaring, turbulent waters.

At the other end of this gorge rises Gutenberg, a fine castle which owes its impressive lines to the Stubenberg family to whom it has belonged since the 13th century.

361 St. Ruprecht-on-the-Raab owes its name to the Archbishopric of Salzburg which owned properties here since the year 860. Once a large parish and the judicial centre of an important district, it is today a notable market town which is sought out by holiday makers who appreciate its mild and health-giving summer climate.

Here the Weizbach joins the main stream; on its upper reaches lies the township of Weiz, a centre of industrial activity whose foundries even in far-off ages disturbed the placidity of the countryside, into which it is constantly spreading out its tentacles. Its landmark is the partly romanesque Taborkirche, records of which date from 1188. [346] The church on the Weizberg is built high above the town. Its exuberant-baroque twin towers afford a commanding view of the countryside in all directions. The cherished "Himmelsbergerin" as pilgrims call the shrine, is the work of Veit Königer, the Styrian baroque sculptor, and the painter Ritter von Mölk. The famous Renaissance Hall of the Joanneum at Graz was removed thence from Radmannsdorf Castle, today the seat of the Prefecture. Gleisdorf, once an old trading centre, was built on the ruins of Celtic civilisation. Many a well-preserved burgher's house bears witness to the prosperity of former times.

133 361 342 Just before Feldbach, the old market-town of the old Duchy which was raised to the status of a municipality in 1884, the road turns off which leads past Castle Kornberg with its many towers to the Riegersburg. The little town of the same name lies snugly ensconced on the lower slopes of the steep basalt rocks which are crowned by one of the most famous castles of the Province. Through seven gateways the approach winds into the inner courtyard, where a deep well is covered by a fine superstructure in wrought iron. Although Rutgerespurc Castle dates from the

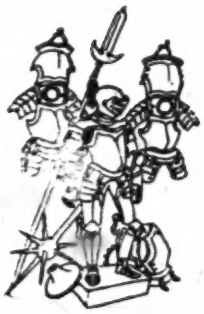
ON THE ERZBERG.

Styria is called "The Iron Province", and if one recalls the Armoury in Graz, that unique storehouse of the militant frontiersmen, one realizes how applicable is this name which chroniclers and poets are so fond of giving to the Province. It applies firstly to the mountain which forms the heart and centre of the countryside, the Erzberg. Since the times of the Romans the work of the miners on its slopes has been developed from early primitive methods to those of modern technique; the tall mountains around, and the old houses below the castle of the Oswaldikirche maintain the warmth and romance of Styria amid more mundane surroundings. The buried treasures of the mountains were welded into useful implements by the mills in Vordernberg and the iron works in the forest-glades until, in the middle of the 19th century, the works were able to make use of the newly-discovered brown coal mines. On this combination were founded the great iron works of Donawitz and Kapfenberg, which have made the name of Styria known throughout the world.

The Erzberg alone is enough to make Styria a rich Province. According to the legend it was in bygone times a mountain just like any other. One day a merman was caught in the Leopoldsteinersee. In return for his freedom he offered mountain treasure as ransom—gold to last one year, silver for ten, or iron to last for ever. The natives chose the last named.

The rust-brown iron mountain rises to a height of 2,600 feet by a series of gigantic steps, at the foot of which lies the market-town of Eisenerz, crowned by the "Schichtenturm" and an old fortified church. Here beats the heart of the "Iron Market" in its metallic depths. Thousands of miners can be seen on the iron-ore terraces, many of them working on the mountain as

12th century, it owes its present form and the insolent splendour of the interior mostly to the "Gallerin", born a Baroness von Wechsler, whose adventurous career is even today the source of many much appreciated stories.



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The Raab, along the banks of whose quiet, swiftly-flowing waters stand the great mills of the district, passes on into Hungary. Its basin has been made prosperous by peasant industry and toil.

The Feistritz starts its romantic course through Styria on the western slopes of the Wechsel, born of springs which arise amidst the wild mountain scenery of the Stuhleck and the Pretul Alps. For a considerable distance it is confined in a narrow valley, past Rettenegg and Ratten where the mining of brown coal has brought strange people and customs to the old forest peasant village, and is followed by the road and railway which serve the farms scattered on the mountain slopes or congregated into villages.

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Birkfeld, the old market-town of the Duchy lies well above the river. Anger, on the other hand, lies in the depths of the valley, surrounded by fruit trees, its dreams of the peaceful comfort of older times nowadays disturbed by the asbestos mills and the trucks from the soapstone quarries at Rabenwald. Through the cleft between Rabenwald and the Kulm, which affords a widespread view of the countryside, the Feistritz changes its direction to flow

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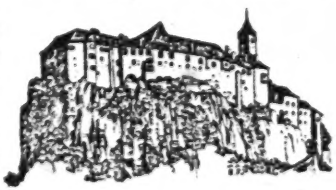
Hartberg.

east, and later southwards. Before it comes out into the open valley it passes below the forest-clad ruins of the ancient fortress of Stubenberg, the family seat of an old Styrian ruling family. Once again the Feistritz is swallowed up by a dark forest gorge, the Herbersteinklamm, at the end of which arises an imposing castle of the same name. Many periods have made their contribution to it—romanesque, gothic, renaissance, baroque. Peasants' straw-thatched farmhouses join the villages on the outskirts of the broad valley. Orchards follow the line of the low forest hills and on either side of the wide river lie fertile fields. Through an avenue of poplars the road leads to the picturesque and harmonious Castle Feistritz, well-hidden by the surrounding forests.

361 Out of the broad plain which was once owned by the Dukes of Styria rises Fürstenfeld, built up by the industry of its inhabitants, which has yet suffered the hardships of a frontier town up to the present day. The knights of Malta, evidence of an unbroken tradition, retain today their claim to a share in the property of the parish church which dates from 1232. A tobacco factory which has been established with its many branch buildings near the old castle soon recalls to lead us to the present.

133 The strip of land between the Feistritz and the Province of Burgenland is cut by the parallel rivers, the Safen and the Lafnitz. The hills which divide the two valleys rise up from the vineyards and forests until at Rabenwald and Massenberg they tower far above the stately Waldberge. Northwards these hills are overshadowed by the forest-clad mountains of the Jogelland which shut in the earlier course of the River Lafnitz.



Riegersburg.

133 342 At the foot of the mountains, between the serried rows of village houses which have often had to be rebuilt in the course of their tragic history, stand the residences

did their grandfathers before them. On holidays they wear the sober Maximilian miner's formal dress as has been the custom for centuries. Work above ground has made the old shafts obsolete, a giant electric crane replaced the old trucks.

Three roads once led to Vordernberg, on the other side of the Erzberg. The brown one brought iron ore, the black one coal and the white, flour. Up to the time of Emperor Joseph II this once-wealthy mining and industrial town had the trading monopoly for all iron ore smelted there. Since Donawitz has been able to draw coal from Seegraben, the blast furnaces of Vordernberg have fallen on evil days.

Styria is also called "The Green March", because of the woods which cover the spurs of the alps, as vast forests in the heights and as cool coverts between the vineyards of the lowlands. They are peopled by mountain dwellers of ancient and hardy stock such as the Archduke Johann knew and loved. That princely friend of the people rescued the Province from economic and mental decay, making of it a pleasant garden where the concerns founded and encouraged by him exist today. Johann gave proof of his love for Styria by taking one of its daughters for his wife. The people and the forests have grown together to make up what is implied by the term "forest motherland."

IN THE CAPITAL.

The pleasantest way to reach Graz is to cross the Ries. The road descends in ever-sharper curves until after one steep drop one finds oneself facing the five terraces of the town. At once the eye is caught by the Schlossberg with its corpulent Clock Tower.

A sky of southern blue sets off the grey stones of the main square. Outside the Rathaus the flower and vegetable market is a riot of colour. The character

of provincial nobility, originally built for defence and as a refuge for the villagers, which today illustrate modern farming methods or have become seats of responsible national education. Castle Neudau, the old Wasserburg may be named as one example of many. 133 342

Close to the edge of the mountains, at the foot of the Ringkogel, over which the Romans built the Säumerstrasse, lies the town of Hartberg amidst country which has been cultivated since the earliest times. Today it is the seat of various administrative authorities, an outpost of northern East Styria. The fine lines of the baroque tower of the local parish church puts it ahead of many other pleasing pieces of architecture in Hartberg. 361

Pöllau, the market-town between Rabenwald and Massenberg has become famous on account of its old monastery church, a spacious building distinguished by its fine workmanship. The most important interior decoration is the painting by the Master who created the Pöllau frescoes, Matthias von Görz. 361 346 532

The ancient Monastery of the Prebendaries at Vorau stands in solitary grandeur. Founded in the 12th century, razed to the ground by fire and rebuilt, ravaged by wars and consequently fortified like a castle, showing signs of decay yet refurbished in the styles of successive periods with added beauties, it has always been a centre of monastic discipline and learning, and of the religious and educational work carried on by the priests in the mountains and valleys of the district. The church has two German towers. On the walls of its brightly-lit interior the Masters of the early 18th century have put all the joyful triumph of the baroque age into their paintings, colouring and stucco work. The sacristy is known for its "Judgement Day", and "Last Supper", 792 346

by J. C. Hackhofer, and the library for its treasures of old manuscript.

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by J. C. Hackhofer, and the library for its treasures of old manuscripts.

Space must be found for a word about the hill country between the Raab and the Mur, the Land of the Seven Valleys which, separated from one another by forested heights, all guide their dark streams past quiet rural villages and mills hidden behind alder groves, flowing in the same direction towards the Mur. The latter, sweeping eastwards, forms a natural boundary for Styria. In the forests the edible chestnut is common, here and there casting its shade over a tumulus, which bears witness to long-forgotten settlements. Summer warms the air with southern strength, autumn bringing clear skies and the finest views from the footpaths which wind through vineyards and woods to white chapels.

529 The Gleichenberge and the Stradner Kogel are of volcanic origin. The curative properties of their springs are widely known. Bad Gleichenberg enables numerous visitors to combine the healing qualities of forest solitude, with up-to-date medical equipment.

245 The vine, which is cultivated in East Styria with varying results north of Hartberg, steadily improves in quality towards the south, reaching its zenith in the Klöcher Gebirge and around Halbenrain where the fine vintages are stored in the wine-cellars.

361 Mureck is a town of ancient Styrian civic culture, but its crown, the castle of [342] Obermureck, lies on the other side of the Mur in what is today foreign territory, as does Oberradkersburg, the ducal castle which since 1918 has been separated from the most southern town in Austria, the ever-loyal Radkersburg. None of the sufferings of a frontier town has been spared it. The tombstones in the churchyard of the gothic parish church are witness to the origins of its inhabitants. The venerable relics of Styrian civic life of olden times which are preserved in the tower of the Rathaus below the solemn frescoes of Fritz Silberbauer will encourage future generations to emulate the loyalty and watchfulness of their ancestors.

[498] THE STYRIAN ENNSTAL. Where the train leaves the narrow valley of the Palten to enter the broader valley of the Enns, it is greeted by a noisy network of sidings, signals and rails in the big station of Selzthal. The time-table describes it as a junction where many passengers change trains at an important crossing of north-south and west-east routes. Its name is better known in and outside the Province than many another which formerly meant fame and surviving tradition in the Enns Valley. A hundred years ago Selzthal was not much more than the name of a district, of a forest valley in which the charcoal-burners worked for the

and appearance of the old town is determined by a mingling of Late Gothic, Lombardian Renaissance and Italian Early Baroque. The well-known double-spiral stairway is a specimen of the extravagances in form of the 15th century. Half a century later the Diet Hall was built, a renaissance building of mature beauty. Within the severe exterior, dominated by massive cornice mouldings, one is surprised by the southern spaciousness of the three-storied arcaded courtyard. A harmoniously blended stairway leads to the banqueting hall. The bronze well in the courtyard is the work of native bronze casting. The adjoining Provincial Armoury, established in 1660, contains the greatest collection of historical armour and weapons in Europe.

The best work of the early baroque period is the tomb of the Emperor Ferdinand II. It was designed as a reminder of the triumph of the Counter-Reformation. The 16th and 17th centuries are responsible for the many arcaded courtyards. It was in the 18th century that the palais and residence of prosperous citizens were built.

SOUTH STYRIA, LAND OF VINEYARDS.

On the mountain tops shine small, white churches and summer bungalows gleam palely among groves and thickets. The shaded side of the mountain slopes are covered with forests, the southern sides bear sunny vineyards. The vines are often trained up poles which are usually the tops of fir trees, planted in the soil so that each vine looks like a well-grown tree. In the leafy vineyards are dozens of rattles, operated by the wind, which chatter at every gust. They are like wooden stars, little ones and big ones, which reflect the sunbeams, lending an unusual charm to the countryside. They give tongue at the least breath of air, their varied and often

Pöllau.

iron hammers of Admont Monastery, the iron-bearing rocks affording a meagre existence. Its few houses were not enough to form a village, and it belonged to the parish of Versbühel in the district of Rottenmann. But where the railway lines came to meet and cross, there the noise and bustle of the new life brought new inhabitants, new houses. Workshops and homes grew up amid the ever increasing noise and drifting smoke. In itself no beauty-spot, it is the gateway to a world of high mountains and age-old valley culture, the Ennstal.

To the right following the course of the river runs the Pyhrn railway, which then crosses the valley and disappears into the Bosruck Tunnel behind Ardning, emerging into the open to carry traffic to Linz in Upper Austria.

The track of the other line which leads to Amstetten follows the course of the Enns. From it one sees one picture after another of the ever-changing beauties of nature. The moss which spreads over the valley has in places been torn

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musical notes enlivening the warm nights and sun-drenched, dreamy days. The more abundantly the vines have blossomed, the sooner the ripening grapes, the more wind rattles are set up to protect the cherished fruit. In their thousands they are supposed to scare away the bold thrushes and starlings. Although when they sound loudly a cloud of scared birds rises into the sky, they soon settle again among the sweet grapes. The wind-rattles really contribute more to the atmosphere of this part of the country than to the effective protection of the wine. Visitors as well as natives adore them; you quickly learn to distinguish the notes of one from another. On stormy nights of hail and thunder, it is as if they were calling in alarm to the ruler of the clouds.

Styrian attributes:
Dear but galant the Ennstaler,
Charming the Ausser girl,
Thoughtful and grave the Murbodner.
Solemn, good trencherman the East Styrian,
Easily roused the Grazer,
Soft of heart the Lower Styrian.
And all tough and courageous in the cause of the Motherland.

up or dug out to form ditches and pits; between them stand the narrow sheds containing slabs of dried peat. The valley extends as a wilderness filled with the humming of a myriad insects busy above the red carpet of wild mustard out of which rise blackberry brambles and the white trunks of young birches. The Kulm, a tree-clad hill on the pale summit of which stands the pilgrimage church of Frauenberg, rises steeply from the banks of the Enns. With two towers and light coloured walls the old shrine reflects the light of the surrounding mountain peaks, which look like a festive garland supporting the blue of the heavens. For half a century the abbots of Admont have cherished this church of Our Gracious Lady with artistic and more than loving generosity. In the "Turkish Year" (1683) the church was invested with its baroque pomp as a worthy framework for the old shrine, to which Johann Thaddäus Stammel later added a glorious wreath in the shape of a delightful choir of angels.

A narrow avenue of chestnut trees leads to a Calvary Mount on the fringe of the mountains. The group around the Cross rises above a weather-beaten wall. It is the work of peasant hands and has an impressive solemnity seen against the background of the distant mountains. In the valley below the Enns emerges, a green and glittering torrent, to flow through meadows and alder bushes to Admont.

The two slender towers of the Abbey which are seen by the tourist from a long way off, were only built after the great fire of 1865, but the surrounding settlement and the foundation of the monastery date back to the earliest history of the Province. [103] Latest research claims to have established that the name Admont is of Illyrian origin, and that the "region of plentiful water" which this name suggests in Illyrian had therefore long been inhabited by human beings—by fishermen, woodsmen and hunters—when monks from St. Peter in Salzburg came, in 1047, to the monastery. It had been built by Archbishop Eberhard with money given by St. Hemma of Gurk, there to found what became one of the most prosperous and best known cultural centres of the Province. Worship and science, art, agriculture

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Bad Aussee.

and forestry all found a home here. Progress and civilisation were spread through the surrounding virgin forests and through the properties which had been given to the monastery in Sausal and Untersteier. Often threatened by fire, the monastery has succeeded in preserving undamaged its famous treasury, the library with the frescoes of Altomonte and the masterpieces of J. T. Stammel up to the present day. During the heyday of the monastery, the flower of Austria's youth took their vows here, a long line of artists, men of learning and priests being noted in the chronicles of the monks during the course of a whole century. The great world, however, has forgotten most of their names, although historians still speak of Abbot Heinrich II, whose gifts of statesmanship resulted in the dignity of a Governor of Styria being added to his title of Abbot before he was treacherously murdered in 1297.

Better remembered in our own times are the names of the scholars Richard Peinlich and Albert von Muchar, after whom streets have been named by the provincial capital.

After a short, enforced pause, the rule of St. Benedict was re-established in the almost 900 year old cloister, a monastic revival in modern times of a venerable past.

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Towards the north, beyond the little village of Hall, where salt was crystallized out of the waters in the 12th century, and the hidden, solitary mills, the Haller Mauern majestically enclose the Admont Valley. How grand are the names of the Steinberge—Pyhrgas, Hochturm, Hexenturm and Natternriegel! And how grandly their cliffs and peaks glow beneath the summer sky. For nearly half the year through clear and frosty wintry days they are covered with a glittering mantle of snow.

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To the South the jagged Hahnstein rears its head, blocking the view to the higher peaks of Sparafeld and the Reichenstein. On the slopes of the Klosterkogel lies Röthelstein Castle. Lime trees stand in the outer courtyard, which is surrounded by a turreted and loopholed wall. A massive archway leads to the Residence which is known as a fine example of 17th and 18th century architecture.

1 [i.e. Admont Monastery -- Analyst]

On the left bank of the Enns, running eastwards, the road leads past the Grabnerhof, a modern agricultural college, and through the little village of Weng, climbing steeply to Buchau.

Through meadows and woods the little road leads out of a realm of solitude past traces of the bygone days of the "Ironmasters" to come gradually into more populated and livelier surroundings. In 1150 this place was called St. Gallus-in-Silva, i. e. St. Gallen-in-the-Wood—and the descriptive name is still applicable.

The main road from Admont to the East runs towards the Hohen Buchstein, at the foot of which road, railway and river enter that unique natural phenomenon which the Enns through countless aeons has carved out of the chalk cliffs, the Gesäuse. A sunny, cheerful forest valley, the river tearing its way through the rocks below, and on both sides high forests filled with the rushing wind and the songs of birds in the tree-tops. Now and again a stone avalanche falls from distant heights with the re-echoing crash of falling debris. Where small lateral valleys join the Ennstal they afford above dark forests glimpses of the gorges and heights of the Gesäuseberge. It is an exciting excursion, no matter whether the traveller looks out from the window of a train or the back of a car, or, disregarding the fatigue of going on foot in the old way, enjoys the beauty of the Upper Styrian mountain world in a four-hour walk.

Into the Gesäuse runs the Johnsbach Valley, once filled with noisy life by blacksmiths and their apprentices, but now a popular point of entry for mountaineers who whish to climb the heights of the Reichenstein, Ödstein, Planspitze and Hochtor. In Gstatterboden, on the calmer reaches of the river, the mountain giants are again visible in all their majesty.

Where the Erzbach joins the Enns lies Hieflau, long famous for its output of Styrian iron. The nearby Erzberg and the waterway of the Enns enabled Hieflau to establish and develop its furnaces, to turn out iron ingots and to build workers' houses. There are still some remains of the great Enns Dam, a picturesque construction of the hydraulic engineer Hans Gasteiger, who was buried in Kirchlandl in 1577.

The Enns, now flowing northwards, buries itself deeply between high plateaus on which farmers have long been settled amidst meadows and woods. Hastening past Gross-Reifling with its castle-like houses dating from the times of the iron carriers

133 and raftsmen, leaving Altenmarkt behind it, the Enns, today the favourite torrent for adventurous souls in collapsible boats, flows across the frontier into Upper Austria.

[496] From Selzthal the railway runs upstream along the left bank of the Enns to Radstadt and Bischofshofen in the province of Salzburg. All along its course northwards stands a chain of the characteristic peaks of the Kalkalpen in exciting divergency—Hochmölbing, Totes Gebirge, Hochtausing, Grimming, Stoderzinken and the lower flanks of the massive Dachstein. Different again, less wild, but as unique in their own way, are the forested subalpine hills which run off here to the left. Behind them lies the wilderness of the Niedere Tauern with their many lakes.

361 Liezen at the northern edge of the valley, mention of which occurs in documents [488] of 900 years ago, was the most important transport junction before the railway came into being. Trade and barter brought prosperity from the salt carriers and the traders who arrived by way of the Pyhrnstrasse. The growth of the neighbouring town of Selzthal has brought losses to the former roadside settlement, but the persevering inhabitants have found other means of livelihood and today its flourishing industries have raised Liezen to the status of a town.

[529] Wörschach, a pleasant and peaceful spot at the entrance to a gorge, attracts from afar holiday visitors and health seekers year after year to the healing springs of its radio-active sulphur baths. Mountaineers and ski-ers climb from here into the mountain world of Hochmölbing, Warschenegg and Hochtausing, the climber often finding summer conditions on the verdant heights of the Schneehitzalm and the Bärenfeuchten between the numerous herdsmen's huts. The mere pedestrian crosses the Taschnermoos within view of the towering Grimming and goes on to the Putterersee by way of Aigen.

[346] From Wörschach the road leads westwards to Niederhofen, whose little gothic church deserves the attention of all lovers of art—and of Styria. This building contains curious tempera paintings from about the year 1500 and three carved altars from the 17th century. According to Ferdinand Tremel, the Styrian historian, we have in it one of the oldest churches of the Enns Valley. In Stainach, to which the junction of the Salzkammergut electric railway and the Bischofshofen—Selzthal line have brought new life and trade, we catch sight of the rocky nest of "in der Pürgg" above. The great gothic church there, noteworthy for its antiquity as well as for its unusually artistic architecture, well earns its local name of "Steyrisches Kripperl" (Styrian Crib). Inns and farmhouses surround it, completely filling the gap in the rocky cliffs.

On the other side of the valley lies Irdning, an impressive market-town whose busy life confers many advantages on the wide mountainous hinterland.

From Liezen onwards one is impressed again and again by a mountain which rises above lower wooded heights like a vast, glittering castle of rock—the Grimming.

133 It is not surprising that in the Middle Ages it was described as the highest mountain in Styria and that the people paid tribute to its majesty in awe-inspired legends.

361 The market-town of Gröbming is worth a visit. Holidaymakers are attracted to it because of its fine situation and wonderful scenery. People from a wide area come to deal with officials who long ago established themselves here because of the central position. Art lovers come again and again on pilgrimages to the beautiful gothic church whose great carved triptych altar of the year 1510 stands out among other art treasures.

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Going upstream, we find the Enns flowing through increasingly cultivated and civilised country the nearer it gets to the old mountain town of Schladming. This place has been well planned and beautifully proportioned about a great square. Overshadowed by the towers of the Catholic parish church of the 16th century and the Evangelical church (1862), it presents a picture of dignified calm. In the past it has seen much want, warfare and tumult. It was the scene of peasant and religious wars. Fires and economic collapse ruined many an old family. The civic rights which were lost by Schladming in the year 1525 were restored to it again in 1925 in recognition of the courageous temperament and vigour of its population. The Schladming countryside gets its individual note from two plateaus, the Rohrmoos and the Ramsau. The latter, lying at a height of over 3000 feet at the foot of the Dachstein, has been populated and cultivated for ages. The picturesquely-scattered farm-houses bear many evidences of their occupants' unquenchable love of the homeland. Thanks to its healthy situation in the heights and the approach it offers to the Dachstein via the Austriahütte, Ramsau is one of the most popular holiday centres of the Alps.

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342 From Rohrmoos, a little further off, the view of the Dachstein range is if anything grander and more impressive. Here, as on the Ramsau, the farmhouses have in many cases retained the local peculiarity of the flatly inclined purlin roofs (as they are to be found westwards in the adjoining province of Salzburg). Together with the wooden shingle roofs weighted down by stones, they give the countryside its distinguishing note. These comfortable and homely dwellings are fast disappearing. Modern ideas and times call for economy with wooden shingles, pointing to the greater space and other advantages afforded by the steep roof.

133 HOCHSCHWAB AND MARIAZELL. On the borders of Lower Austria rises the broad and mighty complex of the Hochschwab. The range covers a surface of 400 square kilometres and includes over a hundred separate peaks. When the townsman sees these mountains, he has the feeling that Faust's magic

cloak has transported him into another world. The magnificent though distant views across the Danube to the high-lying plateau of the Waldviertel, to the West towards the Dachstein and beyond it to the Glockner, to the South as far as the barrier of the Karawanken are not easily forgotten.

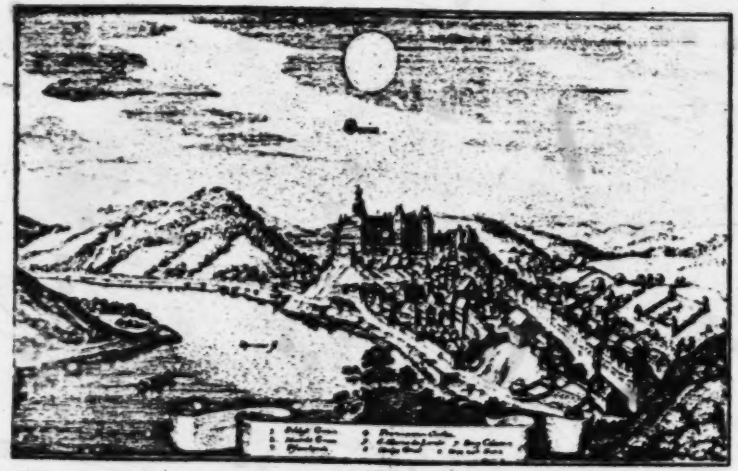
Dachstein, Southern Slopes.

No less impressive is the wilderness of surrounding peaks and snowfields. The Hochschwab, that mighty giant, is approached through defiles and valleys where stand old foundries and deserted smithies. One's eyes are continually drawn to the towering walls of this gigantic range.

That is how the monk had seen it who is mentioned in the legend of the founding of Mariazell. In the middle of the 12th century, Otto VII, Abbot of Lambach, sent one of his monks eastwards to spread the teachings of Christ in the wilds of the mountains. He carried with him on his arduous journey an ikon of the Virgin, carved out of the wood of the lime-tree. But before long he found that he could no longer find his way out of the mountains, range upon range rising before him to bar his path. At last he sank down exhausted before a wall of rock, calling on the Virgin for help and rescue. In answer to his prayers the unscaleable barrier of rock parted asunder, granting him a miraculous passage to the valley behind it. There the holy man stayed and decided to build himself a cell in honour of the Virgin.

Now a town, Mariazell is delightful in summer as in winter because of its position and the surrounding scenery. Its central point is the great pilgrimage church, the largest in Styria. Gothic forms and baroque roof are impressively united. To the rear of the middle part of the nave is the chapel of Our Lady and the revered picture of the Virgin Mary and Child which is the object of worship.

The simple "Marien-Zelle" has developed into a place of pilgrimage, its religious influence reaching far beyond Austria into other lands. Processions of pilgrims seek comfort and strength here. Women and girls who wear a picture of the Virgin Mary of Mariazell on a slender chain about their necks, are supposed to be protected by it from sin and distress, and to retain for life a share in that charm and gaiety which enshrines this little jewel of a town in the mountains and spreads over the whole Styrian countryside.



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Four quarters make one whole: this expression was coined for Upper Austria. Security and tranquillity are the key-note of this province which stretches from the Alps to the forests of Bohemia, embracing a considerable stretch of the Danube.

The Upper Austrian peasant is not in the habit of making much fuss about his work and the city dweller is equally modest. But such modesty cannot be allowed to detract from the solid achievements of the peasants and townsmen which are Upper Austria's two first claims to fame. After these come her monasteries and convents.

But let the Province speak for itself and its inhabitants.

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DOWN THE ENNS. Where the Enns leaving its narrow valley flows swiftly northwards to join the Danube, the "Green Province" joins Upper Austria at Steyr. Softly, gradually, the mountain ranges decline to smoothly rolling hills, until they subside restfully in the old iron town at the juncture of the Enns and the Steyr. For hundreds of years the hammers of armourers and cutlers have been pounding away on the banks of the river, for it is here that the iron of the Erzberg is welded into implements of peace and war. Together with the names of such well-known products as Werndl Rifles and Steyr motor cars, one comes across the name of Michael Blümelhuber. His part it was to produce delicate ornamental objects from the iron by his skill in steel-cutting.

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Schwertberg.

Downstream the raftsmen see from afar the massive blocks of the city tower of Enns. Known already to the Romans, Enns has been since olden times an important depot for salt, wood and iron. Goods not discharged there for road transport, stayed on the barges until the Danube Maut (customs house) was reached. The market-town there is still known as Mauthausen, and commands the waterway to Vienna and Hungary.

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IN THE MÜHLVIERTEL. In the great quarries carved out of the steep Danube cliffs one glimpses the primitive Mühlviertel scenery, based literally on granite. How many blocks of it have been cut and shipped upstream and downstream from Mauthausen, and used to build railways, roads and bridges, making the name of this picturesque market-town known throughout Europe! On the same bank further downstream before the Danube enters the narrows of the Strudengau is a fertile stretch of land known as the Machland. The chief town is Perg, once famous for its sandstone quarries from which millstones were cut. Close by is Baumgartenberg, which rises abruptly with the massive tower of its entrance gates and its high-roofed church out of the spreading orchards.

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● 133

Steyr; the old Dominican Church.

A secular building of equal interest is the massive Greinburg with its granite arcades built on a cliff jutting out towards the Danube, dominating the town of Grein, framed by the forests and reflected in the waters of the Danube. Ships navigating this part of the Danube have to be on the lookout for rapids and whirlpools. Warnings are exhibited on the banks near danger spots and where necessary, hoisted on flag poles. The tugs toil upstream laboriously hauling heavily-laden barges past the picturesque riverside villages of Sarmingstein and St. Nikola.

Northwards from Perg and Mauthausen the Mühlviertel countryside broadens

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SALT FROM HALLSTATT.

Thousands of years before the birth of Christ, the salt deposits in Hallstatt brought settlers to this remote spot and soon gave them comparative prosperity. Mining was also carried on, bronze cast, coarse wool woven and many a beautiful vessel of clay skilfully formed, although without the help of a potter's wheel. In baskets and sacks the salt was brought along byways to the trading roads and there exchanged against Roman goods. When the overlordship of Rome came to an end, Hallstatt fell into oblivion, the barbarian invasions temporarily obliterating its very name.

In 1292 Duke Albrecht I of Austria ordered the salt works of Gosau to be opened. This led to friction with Archbishop Conrad of Salzburg, as salt was also produced in his territories at Hallein. Possibly this prince saw danger to his revenues in the competition. Possibly the new works at Gosau really lay on Salzburg soil. In any case when the news of Albrecht's death became known in 1295, the soldiers of Conrad of Salzburg, accompanied by a mob from Hallein, overran the Kuchel-tal, destroying the salt-pans and the new trading-centre.

Salt mines in Hallstatt were first mentioned in 1311, as a concern run by the State. A new method of producing the salt had been developed; instead of it being simply hacked off in blocks, it was dissolved in water, and the solution pumped above ground into pans. For a time the salt thus recovered was transported just as it had been 1500 years previously; that is, it was brought in sacks to Lambach and there shipped down the Traun.

Hallstatt's production in 1311 was considerable, amounting to about 4800 tons a year. By 1534 it was already 10,000 tons, rising to 25,000 tons in 1571.

The discovery of the Ischl salt mountain in 1562 caused Hallstatt's out. Circumventing the deep cut valleys, the high roads lead to the hilly uplands. Before long one glimpses the wooded rolling summits with the Alps on their southern horizon. The surrounding hills are covered with dark green forests, against which ploughland, pastures and farms stand out beneath the sunlit clouds. The slender-spired, white-walled churches on the heights might be pilgrims' ships about to set sail towards shores in the heavens. From the depths rises the sound of the rushing waters of the Feldaist, which after flowing placidly through meadow land at Wartberg, has been trapped in a wide and narrow rocky gorge through which it has to storm its way into the open. There its dark sister, the Waldaist, which has its source among deep forests where in remote villages the inhabitants paint religious pictures on glass, flows placidly to join it.

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Amid such surroundings lies Kefermarkt, whose gothic church contains a well-known carved altar, a fine example of late mediaeval art. It breathes the spirit of an artist who was at one with the people. St. Wolfgang occupies the central shrine, with St. Peter and St. Christopher on either side. The delicate tracery of the lime-wood carving branches upwards like the tops of trees. Something of the old-world peace that permeates the hill region which the traveller has just left seems to be embodied in the gentle inspired features of the central figure. In the face of the "Holy Ferryman" St. Christopher, one finds traces of the severity of the northern landscape. Any day you can run across people with such impassive faces, with such dour expressions on those inclement uplands of the Upper Mühlviertel, where spring arrives a month later than elsewhere in Austria, and where even in summer the solitary farmhouses are endangered

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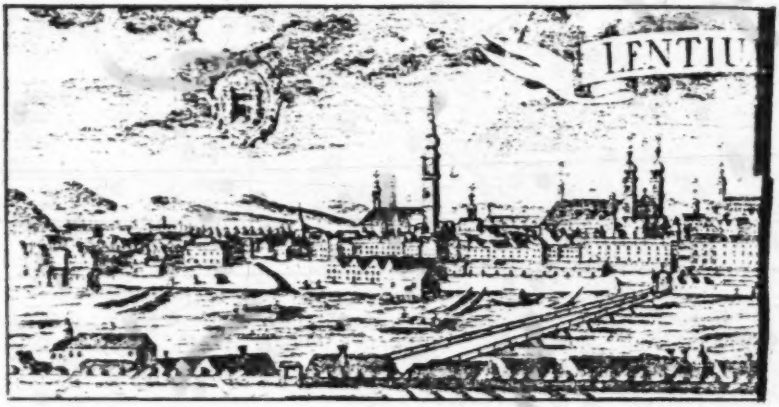

132 by raging storms. Here an early winter may often come to destroy the harvest, the fruit of bitter toil, and sweep away bridges and footpaths so that neighbour is isolated from neighbour.

361 At such times life is easier in the Upper Austrian towns—for instance, in Freistadt, the former frontier fortification north of Kefermarkt. Round the mediaeval town with its wide, turreted square lies a broad moat. On the wall which once defended the citadel whisper ancient lime-trees, casting their shadows over the children who play beneath them.

496 Not far from here runs the line between Linz and Budweis, the first "railway" line constructed on the continent of Europe, which unites the former Crown Lands of Bohemia to Upper Austria. In biedermeier times the citizens of Linz used to make excursions on this railway, travelling far into the country in horse-drawn railway carriages resembling post-coaches. These were in use for 40 years before the horse-drawn was replaced by the steam railway.

● 133 Up hill, down dale, sometimes in deep valleys, sometimes climbing up to the heights, the Mühlviertel, which has been called, not without reason, the "hunchback"-land, stretches further and further out towards the dim vastness of the Böhmerwald. At the foot of the Dreisesselberg, where Bavaria, Bohemia and Upper Austria meet, rises the broad Mühl from which the district takes its name, its golden-brown waters flowing on to the Prämenstratensian monastery of Schlögl. For many hours one can trace its meanderings through solitary mountain forests, following the sound of the woodsman's axe or the smoke of the charcoal-burners, where the grey wisps 288 float above the lofty crests of the pines. From courtyards and houses come the 248 muffled rhythm of hand-operated spinning wheels. Here flax is grown, spun and bleached,

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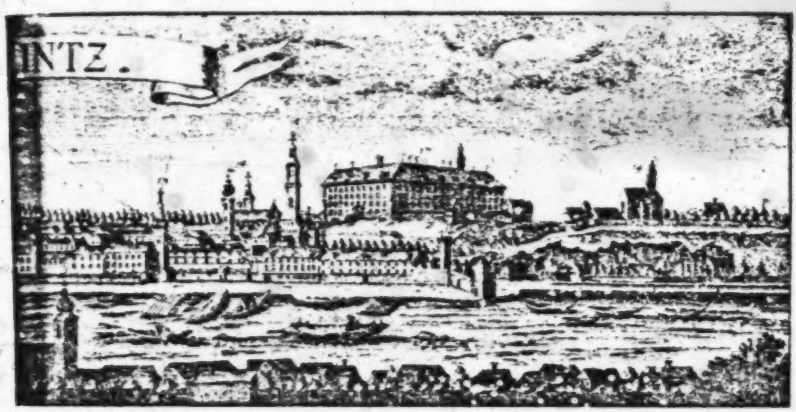

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importance to decline, but on the other hand production on a large scale was planned for the whole district. A conduit for dissolved salt in solution was constructed from Hallstatt to Ischl and later extended to Ebensee, thus laying the foundations for an industrial development, the principles of which are still valid today.

A difficulty inseparable from the recovering of salt was the considerable amount of wood required. The two salt-pans at Hallstatt in which the solution was evaporated needed 380 cubic metres of wood per week. Gradually but surely the forests disappeared, for apart from the need of fuel for the pans, building and mining timber was also necessary. In the middle of the 16th century Hallstatt had a consumption of 88,000 tons of wood per year. These proved the maximum figures for salt production. The discovery of the salt mountain at Ischl and the subsequent laying of the salt-solution conduit saved the forests of the Hallstättersee.

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In 1750 the transport of salt underwent a great change through the regulating of the Traun. From now on the bleached. At Rohrbach and Neufelden the country opens out. Hops flourish on long poles and the Mühl is dammed to form a lake, the falls of which produce much needed water-power.

The wide ribbon of the Danube borders the Mühlviertel on the southern side, but the wild Urgebirge impedes the river's course, forcing it into creeks and side-arms. So were created the confined, deeply forested Danube narrows from Bavaria to beyond Lower Austria. A journey through those romantic reaches of the great river is not easily forgotten.

THE CAPITAL. Linz is a retiring town, a coy beauty. Anyone arriving from the railway station will not appreciate it. Nor will the motorist, if he follows the main road passing the iron foundry. The proper way to arrive at Linz is to land from the Danube. Then you will take it to your heart, for Linz is born of the Danube. St. Martin-über-dem-Felsen is its most ancient church.

The castle is an outpost. It has seen many changes, from monastery to castle, later to a

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princely residence and then to barracks. Since the time of Rudolf II it has stood, a massive block-house, above the town. The old town lies at the foot of the mountain, where the little houses start to rise towards larger ones. The growth of Linz dates from the establishment of its market; originally it was just a broad street adorned with lime-trees and wells, an example of the interpenetration of town and country. The middle-class houses of the square speak of old-fashioned comfort. Narrow house fronts conceal long courtyards with ornately arched entrances. The Rathaus with its baroque façade and octagonal tower is hardly more noticeable than other buildings.

Linz has always been a bourgeois town. Each stone proclaims that this is no creation of monarchs, that this is a town of self-satisfied middle-class folk. Its history is a record of industrious citizens.

The northern porch of the fine Diet Hall reminds one of the great days of the 16th century. During the Reformation Johannes Kepler taught here and wrote his first work, the "Harmony of the World". The severely monastic renaissance buildings contrast with the elaborate baroque outlines of the Jesuit Church. Ignoring the busy bustle of nearby factories, the charm of this town of free burghers lies in its quiet and dreamy atmosphere, the baroque note of the buildings on the main road and the hour when the far-famed women and girls of Linz stroll of an evening on the main square and along the Danube banks.

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UP THE DANUBE. Linz and (on the opposite bank) Urfahr are suitable points of embarkation for Danube steamer trips. The adjacent slopes of Frein- and Pöstlingberg, to which the little suburban houses on the river banks cling like birds'-nests, confine the bed of the stream at the start. The steamer passes between the impressive Kalvarienbergkirche and the slender tower of Puchenau, following the curve of the legend-haunted Kürnberg, in the forests of which are the walls of an ancient, weather-beaten refuge from invaders. Above the far-flung wall of mountains lies the Cistercian monastery of Wilhering. Built during the Crusades on an isolated strip of river bank, it was rebuilt after a disastrous fire with all the splendour of Austrian rococo.

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salt from Hallstatt—still 10,000 to 15,000 tons a year—was towed over the lake and taken down the Traun in small boats. From this time on a separate industry developed—that of ship-building, for there was a considerable fleet to keep in order. There were six-oared and nine-oared boats; upstream they were drawn by horses. The knowledge of ship-building acquired by the inhabitants of the Salzkammergut proved of good service during the wars against the Turks, for many hundreds of war vessels were built by them, to be used on the lower reaches of the Danube.

At the beginning of the 17th century, as a result of the Plague and the Turkish Wars, the Salzkammergut was involved in grave economic difficulties. In 1714 the Salt Office in Gmunden refused all responsibility for steady salt production "while the salt workers are literally dying of starvation". In 1715, people in Hallstatt were reduced to eating soup made of salt water and bran bread.

In 1717, scurvy broke out in Ausseer. In 1770, the want was so great that the miners saved the tallow issued to them for lighting purposes in the mines in order to be able to take it home on Fridays as extra fat.

The time was ripe for social upheavals, and in France the flag of revolution was unfurled. In Austria radical reforms were proclaimed by a progressive monarch, the Emperor Joseph II.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

The traditional customs of the Province follow the seasons of the year. Just before Christmas families work with devotion and skill to build up a Manger scene, often several yards long. From moss and roots a Salzkammergut scene is built up in which the Crib is placed with its carved wooden figures, which generally date from the 18th century. Midnight mass is solemnly

Wilhering Monastery.

As one passes through a romantic countryside, villages crop up here and there, crowding their red roofs around lofty church spires. Elsewhere the mighty keep of a mountain castle challenges the skies. The steamer threads its way among sandbanks where herons stand motionless as dream figures until suddenly one of them flaps his wings and writes the cryptic signs of his flight in the morning sky. In the far distance one can see where, to the south, the wall of the Alps blocks out the horizon; at times it seems to draw nearer and at times it seems to be swallowed up in the misty distance.

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The boat steams cautiously past the rocks of the Aschacher Kachlet, giving the passenger time to look at the tower of Eferding Parish Church, in which a certain Johannes Kepler once married the daughter of a simple citizen, Reutlinger. Beyond the ruins of Schaumburg we approach the hills of Aschach. The grapes embodied in the coat-of-arms of this market-town are a reminder of bygone days of Upper

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Aschach-on-the-Danube.

Austrian wine-growing. The green grapes on the sunny walls of many a farmhouse seem to be dreaming of these bygone glories. Today, the mugs in the "Bauernstuben" ("Peasant Parlours") and the glasses on the inn tables are no longer filled with wine, but with the cider and perry from apples and pears which in late summer lie in great heaps before the old home presses, richly carved and decorated with mottos. The Upper Austrian is a great drinker of cider in pauses between his warm work in the fields, and at "Jause" (tea time), in cool, paved rooms or in the shade of an inn lime-tree in summer.

The wooded charm of the mountains lining the Danube Valley strikes an ever more solitary note. The hills and cliffs twist the ribbon of the river into loops until at Schlögen it makes a great bend around the foot of the mountain on which stand the ruins of Haichenbach. Next come the villages of boat-builders; further upstream we see on high ground the market church of Engelhartszell on the right bank, near the Bavarian frontier.

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IN THE INNVIERTEL.

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Rich harvests are usual in this part of the country. The four-square farms nestle comfortably and with an air of independence in the rich fields. In the stables, side by side with the long row of sturdy cart-horses are fast trotters, which draw the farmer and his wife on cross-country trips, or when they enjoy the hospitality of a wedding feast in some neighbouring village. Baroque church

announced by trumpets from the tower, and hundreds of candles burn in the cemetery.

In the "Raunacht", before the Feast of Epiphany, you can watch the "Glöcklerlaufen" in many parts of the country around Ischl. Young men in groups of up to 30 and more carry transparent head-dresses on their heads in the form of chapels, fish, crosses, ships, etc., which are lighted up from within by candles. They are dressed in white, with dangling bells and run from house to house at a definite steady pace.

In the spring, at Candlemas, the time for changing servants, there is "Aperschnalzen". This is a rhythmic cracking of whips which welcomes the first patch to be clear of snow. Later comes the "Almauftrieb" (the driving of cattle up to the mountain pastures) to be followed in autumn by their being driven back to the valleys. The procession up to the green pastures is a great event. The cattle are decorated with coloured ribbons and garlands of flowers, the leading bull carrying a bell. The calves often bear crowns of real flowers between their tiny horns.

On Palm Sunday the palm bush is constructed. Branches of pine, willow and spring flowers are twined together in bunches to which ribbons and apples are attached, and are then fastened to long poles and carried to the church. Afterwards they are placed in the middle of the fields to make them fruitful, and left until the new grain or high grass has grown up all around.

Corpus Christi Day is a religious holiday throughout the Catholic countryside. Everywhere there are processions. At Hallstatt and in Traunkirchen, where there is too little space between lake and mountains, the Corpus Christi "Procession" is held upon the lake. On the water, verses are read from the four gospels, while guns thunder from the shores or in the mountains.

towers and the steep span-roofs of the houses look out over golden fields of wheat and barley, over level plains and gently sloping hills of arable land, over orchards heavy with fruit and extensive forests. Like a constantly recurring *leit-motif*, the chain of the Alps thrusts the many-shaped zigzag of its peaks into the sky wherever one glances southwards. Whether it be in the prosperous market-towns on the Inn, in Schärding or Braunau or the land up-country, in Ried or Haag, in old riverside-shipping towns like Obernberg or in the distant villages, everywhere you sense the Innviertler's *joie de vivre*, his passion for dancing and song, his simple enjoyment of marriage and church festivals. Trace this to its source and you will find that it is love of the soil, of the Province, of home—as you will find it interpreted in the dialect verses of Stelzhamer.

Braunau-on-the-Inn.

If you are looking at altars and similar church decorations in this area, you will surely come across the name of Schwanthaler. An artist whose imaginative sketches have been exhibited all over Europe lives here in a romantic castle at Wernstein-on-the-Inn—Alfred Kubin.

IN THE HAUSRUCK. Across the Province of Upper Austria runs a forest-covered range of alps, the Hausruck. Its massive height may well have seemed to popular imagination like the body of a giant resting embedded in the surrounding hills, lost in mysterious dreams.

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Schärding-on-the-Inn.

133 When this sleeping giant stirs—landslides of the underlying gravel beds, say the geologists—the giant Hausruck often shifts houses from their anchorage. Yet the people love him as a well-meaning giant, especially since he presented them with a treasure which adds to their prosperity. In the time of Emperor Joseph II, fields of brown coal were uncovered here. Since then a mining population has grown up. Wolfsegg, a market-town over which stern battles raged during the Peasant Wars, has given its name to the second greatest coal area in Austria. The fertile slopes of the Hausruck stretch out to the Danube Valley. At its lowest point lies Lambach, the old Benedictine settlement on the Traun. Its splendid baroque porch is worth attention. On leaving the neighbourhood of this monastery, one enters an area of almost irresistible beauty.

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133 THE SALZKAMMERGUT. It is impossible to paint in words a convincing picture of the glories of the Salzkammergut. One can mention its name, together with those of various favorite spots there, to stir up feeling or memories. There is that feeling of elation which is inseparable from this area; everyone is susceptible to it, whether he comes from Upper Austria, Salzburg or Styria. A sense of expectancy masters eye and mind. Impatiently one's gaze wanders from the lovely immediate surroundings to the exciting view ahead, both impossibly lovely. An involuntary cry, a sudden embrace, may afford vent to the emotions—the Austrian will suddenly cry out: "God must have made this world in seven holidays!"

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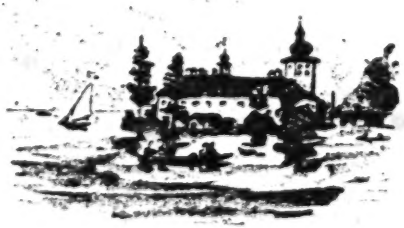
There are a few among many such customs. There is the cavalcade of the peasants on St. George's Day, and other peasant processions. There is much competition among the young men. It is real work dragging logs to the summits for the "Sonnwendfeuer" (Solstice Fire) or the tallest fir tree down to the valley for the maypole. If the youths of one village manage to cut down the carefully-guarded maypole of a neighbouring village, it is a notable achievement.

Inseparable from the customs of the people are their songs. Hence the many folksongs to be found everywhere—the "Almrufl", the "Jodler", poacher's songs and Christmas lays. The themes underlying the traditional folk dances are love and play. The "Ländler" and complicated figure dances alternate with the difficult "Schuhplattler". Thus do old customs give a clue to the people and their character.

What names of districts, lakes and mountains shall one cite? There is the towering triangle of the Traunstein, Schafberg and Dachstein, the latter a part of Styria, emblems of the three provinces they dominate, the beauty of each reflected in surrounding lakes. Then the lakes themselves—the Traunsee, with its two aspects, the one gay and southern, and the other romantic, gloomy—behind it the rocky silhouette of the "Schlafende Griechin". The Attersee, a vast stretch of water, home of softly-gliding yachts, with rows of summer villas on its banks. The sunny Mondsee calmly rocks its waterlilies in face of the steep and menacing Drachenwand. On the other side of the Scharfling is the Wolfgangsee, framed like no other by towering mountains. Theatrically they stand encircling the lake, the Zwölfer-, the Retten- and the Mittagskogel, the haughty Sparber and the long Bleckwand. The sharply-silhouetted Schafberg dominates them all. In the midst lies the lake—dark, dreaming—princess or child of this encircling range. On its shores lie unreal townlets like illustrations to a fairy tale, St. Wolfgang the loveliest. Morning, noon and night one can watch the fascinating interplay of fresh breezes, light and shadow. Clouds drift across the mountains like playful cherubs, to be joined by pudgier cherubs, born of the mists over the little river in their mocking contemplation of the earth beneath.

Further down the valley stands Ischl, the summer residence of the old Emperor Francis Joseph. In the fields you may find planted tall poles bearing bunches of flowers left over from the Easter celebrations, or twigs of palm-willow, which the superstitiously devout plant in the soil, believing that it is a protection against hail-storms.



Orth Castle.

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Corpus Christi Procession on the Traunsee.

133 Further up the Traun lies the Hallstättersee, a tight-lipped storehouse of
361 ancient secrets. The houses of the little market-town are piled one above the other on the narrow rocky terraces leading from the shores of the lake to the slopes of the Salzberg, on whose heights lies a famous ancient burial ground.
765 Lines of Hamlet come back involuntarily as one inspects the charnel-house with its many rows of skulls with religious inscriptions painted across the bony foreheads.

133 Indifferent to man's changing fortunes, the Dachstein, its royal peak towering above the mountain forests, watches eternally in its glacier armour. Below, the Gosau Lakes look up at it with unrevealing eyes of green in whose depths one can read only the reflection of primitive natural forces.

946 In the Salzkammergut, beauties of nature and of handicraft are never far apart, and on turning from the one you meet the other. There are carved statues and

pulpits, sacred images and churches with famous altars—Hallstatt, Mondsee and, at St. Wolfgang, Michael Pacher's wonderful altar triptych. 346

There is the old monastery settlement of Traunkirchen; on a steep hill jutting out into a creek of the lake which the Romans called "The Happy", the monastery lies adjacent to the church and the dreamy courtyard of the now solitary garden, cut off by an arched gateway from the outside world. Next again comes the cemetery, protected by a low wall of rock which runs down to the lake. The graves are huddled together, the mounds and crosses covered by rambler and ivy. Those whose minds incline that way may reflect in this lovely spot on life's reconciliation with death. 361

Turning back to pulsating, exuberant life, the picturesque streets tempt one to travel further, mountain railways wait to carry one up to the summits which afford such unique views of the lake district of the Salzkammergut.

Just as in Rome one drops a coin into the Fontana di Trevi if one wishes one day to return there, so one should linger for a parting glance at the promenade in Gmunden. Built in a series of rising curves, the epithet it seems to call for is "graceful". Country mansions, castles and middle-class homes rub shoulders with one another. Boats rock softly on the water, swans glide elegantly towards the shore and the silver-grey outlines of the lakeside castle are reflected in the waves.

Hallstatt

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FROM KREMSMÜNSTER TO ST. FLORIAN. Swiftly and smoothly the pastel-green waters of the Traun run through forest and field out into the fertile moorland near Wels, a town which has a colourful and distinguished past. The course of the Traun is followed closely by the smaller Krems. This river has given its name to a splendid abbey. Anyone seeing Kremsmünster for the

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St. Wolfgang.

361 first time is immediately struck by its mighty, castellated walls with their great cupola-
133 crowned roof. From the high belfry of the monastery towers with their helmet-like domes come notes of praise to the Creator. Standing before the interesting arcades of the fish-tanks, one is filled with admiration for the architect of the abbey. When (for the arcades of this unique building go far beyond the utilitarian purpose for which it was intended) one looks at the skies reflected in the crystal-clear surface of the fish-pond, listening to the fall of the water pouring from the moss-covered carved figures round the spring above it, one has a feeling of having caught a glimpse of a forgotten and enchanted world in which the strange story that the fish here were once called to feed by the notes of a bell sounds quite reasonable. Looking out from the top of the "Mathematical Tower", from the Observatory, one can see far into the valley of the Krems which spreads before one like a beautiful garden following the slopes of the foothills. To the south one sees the multitudinous peaks of the Tote Gebirge. With its rugged ridges and snowy, glittering peaks, it is majestically overshadowed by the wall of the Hohe Priel. There are many all-day excursions to be made in this area across rising plateaus and a landscape of primitive beauty. As one approaches it through the Almtal or by way of Hinterstoder one enters the realms of great heights and brooding silence.

874 The teachers took good care of you. They let your surroundings speak for themselves. You will never be able to forget the arcaded courtyard of the Schallaburg with its wonderful terra cotta work from the hand of an Italian master. Seitenstetten was rather far off, but you managed to visit it. Quiet and beautiful, yet busy in its own way, it is set in a fertile countryside.

241 Once two of you decided to go off together. Above your heads you bore a flag which was supposed to express the longing of its bearers for the open spaces and all things beautiful. They found their way to Mank, to Amstetten and further afield, discovering that this province possesses as many real farmers as it does great, rounded hills. Like castles on the latter stand the two-storied farms of the landed farmers. Theirs is the world in all its essence—ploughland, meadows, forests. Black-trunked, heavily grown pear trees stand before the farms, in gardens, in hedges. The peasant dialect is soft, easy going, manly and kindly.

000 Later you once stood with a girl up in the mountain-pass village of Annaberg, in the porch of the church. The curious high tower with its covering of metal plates showed clearly against the blue winter sky and in the far distance before you was the snow-topped ridge of the Ötscher. Then you set forth into the boundless glistening world through the dark-green snow-covered forest. There a wonder arose out of the earth, a wonder for you, child of the hills. Through the crystalline crust of the ice broke the faultless bloom of the first christmas rose, born of the silent force of winter. Carefully you picked the blossom, and carefully you gave it to the girl. Pure and white as the rose was this hour, pure as the eternally sparkling snows, young as the potent breath of the woods and as free of dust as the beckoning blue heavens.

● 133 788 You have not forgotten the sparkling summer waters of the Erlauf and Lunzer lakes. Surrounded by flowers and forests, tranquil, glitteringly blue, they call to you, offering rest to the weary visitor from the cities, and tempting the peasant pilgrims of Lower Austria away from their pious, easy walk of penance to the Virgin Mary at Zell.

000 STUDENTS IN THE WACHAU DISTRICT. Your St. Pölten teachers wanted you to see many and varied things, and so you found yourselves in the wine-gardens of Göttweig Monastery. Oh unforgettable hour! Blue as the night, golden as the moon, milk-white as the surrounding chestnut blossoms. St. Benedict is fond of building on mountains. Before us were the valley and the low country and there beyond, half hidden by fields, the Danube. Above were many hundreds of lights, gables, roofs, towers and mountains. On the morrow you passed through Krems, singing, because you were students, "A wandering apprentice I, knowing no cares ..."

How it echoed in the narrow streets! The past took you warmly by the hand. If you had found a blue-uniformed sentry standing guard at the Steiner Tor with

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Göttweig Monastery; view from Stein-on-the-Danube.

red top-boots and white leather accoutrements, you would not have been surprised.

When the happy crowd went on to Dürnstein, was it still an excursion? Was not it rather a dipping into the romance of the past? "At the Sign of the Singer Blondel" or "At the Sign of King Richard the Lion Hearted" are names of inns there. And when you lay up above on the remains of a castle wall, the dark water streaming past below and the dark forests gleaming on the slopes of the mountains, you had for the first time the feeling of getting to know the spirit of a countryside and of being close to all the fateful events it had seen.

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Melk is throned in majesty. From a massive parapet of stone rise Prandtauer's glorious towers. The Monastery is vast and overpowering. It was the birthplace of law and order in the Danube district, as of Austrian culture and literature. The treasures which the magnificent library offers to the mind can hardly be grasped by the eye.

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Everyone should at least once have seen the colourful silk dresses and shimmering gold bonnets of the women from the Wachau district. How lovely when the evening light falls on them as it did that time in Göttweig, and you hear the moving rhythm of the song: "So home we go in the full moon's light."

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THE WALDVIERTEL. Eggenburg lies almost on the dividing-line between vineyards and forests, gently warmed by virtue of the declining and widening slopes. But high above, around the Nebelstein, the wind blows chill and raw. There the oats have to be mown by mitten-covered hands. As the Ottenschlag saying has it:—"Three-quarters of the year winter, one quarter cold." In places there are enormous blocks of stone which have carefully to be avoided by the plough. Vast forests of pine give the countryside a dark and rugged hue, relieved only by

Weissenkirchen.

the austere yet lighter shades of oats and rye. Colour is lent by blue flax, red and white poppies and verdant green fields.

The view is dominated by range upon sweeping range of eternal mountains. White highways curve gracefully up and again down the steep slopes. Everywhere at the highest point stands a dark-green forest of pines. At times the ground stops abruptly, and you can see whence the gigantic stone masses fell—and are falling still today—which formerly towered above field and forest as ancient mountains. A precipice drops steeply away, the debris of fallen stone-masses lying at its foot among the many trees. Past great piles of stones large and small flow the Thaya and the Kamp, sweeping stones with them. They swirl in endless bends around the foot of cliff after cliff. About their sheer walls stand defiant castles and dreamy ruins.

Apricot Gathering in the Wachau District.

Once you were invited to visit the forest district. For a whole day you journeyed through the woods and then you were forced to stop. Before you arose a great baroque tower, below it a forest of gothic pillars reaching towards the heavens, cloisters and a shaded well, the whole complicated gothic blossoming and rommesque fading—the monastery of Zwettl in its lovely situation on the banks of the swift-flowing Kamp amidst mighty forests. Continuing, you came to the frontier, high above. A piece of secular and chivalric history confronted you like a rock—Heidenreichstein, the most beautiful river-castle of the Province.

Usage and custom are rooted in the soil of the woodlands. On the house gables appear May blossoms in many colours. Young men plant green fir-trees, decorated with waving ribbons, for their girls. Mischievous "May paths" are devised with sawdust or water mixed with lime which are suddenly found leading over streets and byways from a certain door to another, thus making public what the parties concerned had kept a closely-guarded secret.

In many places the winter evenings still see the traditional "Rockreise". Women and girls "visit" friends in order to spin thread. Softly the delicate wheels turn, young men come and sing, and the women and girls tell stories of the robber chief Grasl, of the wicked Waldschrat and of God's vengeance on the inquisitive girl. Here and there an old loom is still standing.

All the Provinces of Austria have frontiers with foreign countries, with the exception of Vienna. All the Provinces of Austria have capitals of their own, with the exception of Lower Austria. Vienna is surrounded by Lower Austria, providing it at the same time with a capital. Thus the Province of Lower Austria occupies a unique position in relation to the capital of the entire country, being closest to it in times of sorrow as well as in times of joy.

This Province is fourfold, the Danube dividing it from West to East. To the south of the river one part lies below and the other above the Wienerwald and in the North the third lies before the Manhartsberg and the fourth behind it.

The four quarters may also be regarded from another aspect. On the map, above and to the left is the Waldviertel, sombre and of manly strength. Adjoining it, consisting of broad, low and sunny hills is the fertile Marchfeld. Below to the left one finds charming sub-alpine country and finally the Wienerwald with falling slopes and plains in the east.

A many-rayed star of roadways spreads outwards from Vienna over the countryside. Parallel to the Danube, the Linzer Bundesstrasse follows an old Roman road over the Strengberge to Amstetten and St. Pölten. To the north of it the highways run towards Bohemia, the one heading for Budweis, the second straight for Prague and the third for Brünn. Pressburg (Bratislava), on the other side of the frontier, is passed on the journey to the Carpathians. On the way to Budapest or down to the Balkans one may pause awhile at Bruck-on-the-Leitha. Eisenstadt is on one of the roads to the vast Hungarian plains, while the serpentines of the Semmering continue to where

133

THE WINE DISTRICT. Your home lies below the Manhartsberg, its people and landscape familiar to you as a picture book which you have looked through countless times.

There above stands the hill you love the most, the Hutberg, just 890 feet high. From it, on clear autumn days, you can see the Schneeberg, Rax, Ötscher and Hochschwab; you can see over the boundaries of Lower Austria into Styria.

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SPRING IS LOVELY. Approaching the vineyards, you find a young peach tree. Its delicate branches are full of pale, ethereal flames, daintily burning garlands of roses without origin or connection. You can see no leaves, only blossoms below which grows not the slenderest blade of grass. The vines are still cracked, brown and withered, their shy green shoots still pale and tiny. Innumerable grey sticks seem weather-worn and dead, the yellow earth still lies naked. Thus it is that the wonderful pale pink garlands of peach blossoms seem to have grown straight out of the dry wood and wintery earth. You could walk for hours and find nothing except beckoning bushes of flame above brown vines and endless rows of grey spikes.

This picture before you is full of a delicate grace, of a strange beauty of shading. From the lowest vineyards which rise gently before your feet, you meet three delightful colours, old acquaintances and yet uncannily strange. A vineyard hut, washed grey by the rain, without walls and straw-thatched. A cherry tree, heavy with shining white blossom, arising from deep-yellow earth! It is hard to believe that this picture lies on the banks of the Pulkau, not on those of the Yang-tze-kiang. Grey, white and yellow, that is the quiet, dainty widespread tricolour of all the flowering clay mountains

273 Along the roadside, steep steps below protecting arches amidst trees and overgrown with brambles and bushes lead down into the wine cellars. On a holiday, many old hands return gladly to the place they were once so eager to leave. One hears familiar salutations—"Grüss Gott, Herr Professor"!—"Servus, Franz"—"Servus, Schani".

Such greetings empress the brotherhood of those who work amidst the vines, a comradship which seldom dies. However distinguished the position some of them may have attained in the great world beyond, they are glad to return to the comfortable corner seat which was theirs of old—perhaps the more so because it is now unfamiliar. You could do worse than find such a corner yourself one day.

The white candle sputters and drips, held in a black iron spiral, as its gold-tipped flame lightens the surrounding shadows. Glasses hanging from the rough hooks of the black-wood glass-rack, reflect delicate or brilliant hues. The landlord, coming from the barrel with a brimming wine-siphon, takes them down one after the other and lets the thin stream of wine run into them, fragrant with summer, foaming and bubbling. As the traditional toast—"Gesundheit!"—"Good Health!"—goes around, one might think it the password of some secret society.

Day fades unnoticed into night as tongues are loosened and secrets shared. The wine and the earth which nourished it establish their rule over the hearts of men. *In vino veritas*—the inner soul of men, be it good or bad, reveals itself in words while the world beyond is wrapped in silence. Whatever the sounds of the street outside, they fail to penetrate into this roadside cave. Emperors and kings, battles and epochs cease to count. The world is that which lies within the orbit of the flickering candles. Here village school-teachers, priests, professors, doctors, their fathers and their brothers are one!

361 For many, Retz is the fairest town of the wine country. Here, during the dark days of the Thirty Years' War, the first Austrian hymnal was put together; it enshrines the soft and moving lyrics of Mediaeval German. That which Stifter's "Nachsommer" (Indian Summer) expresses in words, is told in stone in the beautiful municipal square of Retz. Below the square and under the houses lies cellar after cellar. In some of them you could drive with a carriage and pair. Above towers and crenellated walls, on the way to the forests higher up, stand two stately windmills, solitary and lovely, with no fellows in all Lower Austria.

●133 IN THE MARCHFELD. You once stood day after day as the tireless lark filled the blue heavens with his song, while the great world stirred like a strong man awakening from a sound and refreshing sleep. This world seemed to be one vast wide-stretched field of green and brown, bounded only by the blue-forested Bisamberg and the Carpathians. Between these two were fields of pale, shimmering corn or misty plough-land. Above all arched the mighty dome of the skies.

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Klosterneuburg.

The tree-girdled villages with the red church spires were unpretentious and companionable. Around Easter the straight roads bordered with cherry trees became long avenues of fantastically beautiful blossom.

133 Gross-Enzersdorf marks the limits of the extensive island known as the Lobau, an unspoiled wilderness of water, trees and bushes. The river broadens out as the current flows more rapidly.

536 A son of Essling grew up to become a great master: Rafael Donner. Through Dürnkrut and Kroissenbrunn which appear in "King Ottokar, His Rise and Fall", Marchfeld has a link with Grillparzer.

000 IN THE DISTRICT BELOW THE WIENERWALD. Anton Wildgans called one of his books "Fate of Mödling". He lived near St. Othmar in a house above which grew dark umbrella pines between cliffs and sky. Any of you who want to appreciate the beauty of your country should read these books, the original manuscripts of which are preserved in the Wildgans House.

133 You once stood in May in Wiener Neustadt on the Ungarfeld. There was the rocky wall of the Hohe Wand in the south. The Rosalien range appeared as a light coloured, enticing forest. Eastwards the green pasture-land opened out like a [874] gateway. The two gothic towers of the Theresian Military Academy were an unchanging landmark of the "ever-loyal town".

You first drove over the Semmering in time of peace. Then you were able to enjoy yourself quietly and at leisure. Giants must once have played in this area, using as dice the mountains which begin here, wild and majestic. A man of the determination of Karl Ghega was needed to tame this wilderness. He bent the mountains and the deep gorges to his will. His tunnels and viaducts alternate [496] in carrying the railroad to its highest point. The Semmering railway was the first mountain railway of the world which all others used as a model. All the railways of the Andes in South America learned from it.

[132] The Semmering district, in a pocket of warm air above cold and misty valleys, is Lower Austria's show-piece. People from all the world over come here in search of health and peace. The Viennese regard the Semmering, Rax and Schneeberg as their own estates in the Alps. Towards the east the landscape slopes gradually down to the forested knolls of the hill country. In Mönichkirchen the work of Anton Wildgans reached epic status.

IN THE WACHAU DISTRICT. In the first days of creation there may have been some question as to which was the stronger, land or water. In the Wachau, the river triumphed over the mountains, although it has still to follow a course prescribed by the former, as to where it should narrow, should turn, should form bays and inlets; rocks jut out to spur its flanks, hidden granite builds hurdles over which it is forced to leap. Between Melk and Krems nestle a dozen charming villages whose picture lingers long with the wanderers along the banks and the passengers on the Danube steamers. Weissenkirchen lies in the heart of the Wachau district in a sunny position to the south. Old courtyards, arcades, rounded archways and vinecovered houses call for attention. In the small village of Schwallenbach they will show you the old parish church and the "Devil's Wall". The boatmen of the Danube tell the story of its origin. The Devil's grandmother is said to have scoffed regularly at the columns of pilgrims and the ships of the Crusaders, moving the Archfiend one night to try to block the flow of the Danube by building this [112] stout wall. At Willendorf was found the sandstone figure of a "Venus" which archaeologists admire as a relic of matriarchal, pre-historic times. Spitz, a sleepy little Danube town at the foot of the Jauerling should not be overlooked. Backed by the four-square tower of the Hinterhaus ruins, it is in blossom time a fairy garden of pink and white. Standing out against the mountains behind are multi-coloured forests—pale green larches, rust-brown fir trees and dark pines.

346

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Saubenstein.

mighty Benedictine monastery according to Prandtauer's grandiose design, the Prelate's Courtyard with its quiet fountains, the Imperial Wing, the great half-moon of the terrace between the two monumental and at the same time delicately contrasted towers, the high dome of the cupola, the library, the fine reliefs of the archways and the artistic ceiling frescoes. Stand beneath this baroque canopy and look upwards: Virtues, Wisdom and the Arts are seen attempting to lead the human soul to higher things.

Here one is confronted with a part of the spirit of Austria. Side by side with the inescapable reality of everyday life and the material world, thought and emotion have built an unattainable but equally real world

491 of the imagination in baroque style. It is in conformity that the Wachau district does not possess any broad, straight motor roads. Here everyone is forced to linger, to regard quietly his surroundings, perhaps also to ponder a little over himself and the world.

133 Melk stands at the beginning of the Wachau, which now passes Schönbühel to become the most famous part of the Danube Valley. Church and castle stand here on rocky ground near the river, showing a marked individuality of design. You would be well advised to stop at Aggsbach to climb to the ruins of Aggstein. The countryside here opens up like a burst and overripe fruit. Along the horizon roll the green waves of the mountains, hill upon hill. Far below the remaining walls of the once mighty castle gleams the "Rosengärtlein". Scattered around are farms, churches and fertile fields. Down in the valley vineyard follows vineyard. The sharp tang of woodruff rises on the air, and may later be met again floating in a refreshing wine-cup.

361 A culminating point in this feast for the eyes is Dürnstein. It rises up abruptly in complicated lines and its harmonious blending of ochre and white. Sheltering beneath the dominating ruins of the old castle and a baroque monastery tower is the clean little market town where the moving story of Richard the Lion-Hearted and his minstrel Blondel is still honoured today.

131 The Burgenland has some strange features. It is the youngest province of Austria, yet it claims to be one of the oldest. For a time it belonged to Hungary, and just during this period it held a brilliant position in Austrian intellectual life, boasting of such mighty names as Haydn and Liszt, Hyrtl [103] and Semmelweis. Its name is taken from three castles which no longer lie within its frontiers, but is justified by other castles as well. It is of considerable length—160 kilometres from North to South, corseted somewhere in the middle to a wasp-waist only four kilometres in diameter. Its plains are sparsely inhabited, while its mountain land is densely populated. It has a raw climate in the south, while in parts of its northern areas, the climate resembles that of Helwan in Egypt. Its frontiers with foreign countries are longer than its inland boundaries, yet it is Austrian to the core.

● 133 The inquiring stranger who has set out on a voyage of discovery should first drive by car along the Bundesstrasse to Bruck-on-the-Leitha and here turn off to the right into the Leitha mountains which in the centre separate the Burgenland from Lower Austria. From the summits of the mountains one looks down on to the Neusiedler Lake. Over 900 feet above the shining surface of the lake one finds oneself beneath sighing trees growing on what was once the bottom of a great sea. The sea itself, it is true, disappeared thousands of years ago, but the work of its maritime life remains in the form of rich deposits of mussel chalk. Walking along any forest path in the Leithagebirge one can easily trace in the stones the fossil forms of long vanished animals and plants.

When the tourist is weary of scientific research he can clear his brain in the sparkling Neusiedler Lake or with the no less inviting wine which ripens on its shores.

423 The plain to the north of the Neusiedler Lake was always one of vast estates. Between the scattered villages lie the dairy farms of the great landowners, who have their castles and manors in the villages. In Kittsee, Gattendorf and Halbturn there are many examples of baroque art. Lukas von Hildebrandt, Maulpertsch and others were commissioned to work there for the Magyar feudal landowners, Esterházy, Batthyány and so on.

133 Adjoining this countryside, the moor-land district, is tucked away on the eastern shores of the Neusiedler Lake a cloud-overcast and wind-harassed group of lakes. There are a number of warm and brackish little lakes, scattered over steppes of pronouncedly eastern character. Sea-sparwort, feathered grasses and copper-

Up in the Leithagebirge, near the village of Winden is the Ludlloch, a place where, according to the evidence of human remains discovered there, cave men and cave bears lived in the time of the later Stone Age, i. e. 6,000 or 7,000 years ago. Unfortunately there is no means of the times extent, and it is therefore uncertain whether the cave men eat the bears or the cave bears the men. But as there are considerably fewer bears than men in the Burgenland today, it may be safely assumed that the bears headed the list of table delicacies.

The Burgenland is not unfamiliar with the question of land reform. Should the great estates be preserved as grain producing property or should homes be found for thousands of people in new villages? There are arguments on both sides.

A farm is a book of wisdom. The Burgenland owes its fertility to the hard working hands of its farmers who never neglect their soil, and who meet all their trials with placid good humour.

Although nine-tenths of the Burgenland is devoted to agriculture and forestry, it has over 200 industrial undertakings. There are saw-mills, wood-carving centres, parquet-flooring

gleaming pools lie generally beneath heavy masses of clouds whose great shadows move constantly over the inhabitants, houses and flowers. St. Andrä near Frauenkirchen is the place which has a climate in summer similar to that of the Egyptian Helwan. Here, as on the eastern shores of the Neusiedler Lake, flourish almond trees and other plants usually only to be found in the South. Between the lake corner and the heath district lies a strip of specially favoured countryside, one of the chief Burgenland wine districts, with its centre at Gols and Weiden.

The tourist may now find it hard to make a decision: what should come first? Here beckons wine. Ochre yellow is the earth which produces it. Blue shadows toy with every shade of green, that of the firmly tied vines and that of the serrated, dull-surfaced leaves. Soon the glasses sparkle with Ruländer and Furmint, Welschriesling and Blaufränkisch and other famous vintages.

Above the water a silver heron sails majestically through the air, reminding us that the shores of the Neusiedler Lake are unusually well-stocked by nature with wildfowl. In the reed belt surrounding the lake live the grandest varieties of herons; here you also find nests of the bustard, willow-wren and bearded titmouse—a colony of birds such as can be seen nowhere else in Austria. When a flight

136 of wild ducks settles down here with rustling wings you may be meeting with old acquaintances again from the Wiener Stadtpark. The only difference is that there they allow themselves to be tamely fed by children, strutting like actors in the pay of the Municipality of Vienna, while here they lead a free marauder's life in the nightly-stirring reeds of the Neusiedler Lake.

133 And the centre of all this, the lake. As you will expect, it too possesses strange features. In Austria, country of Alps, it is the only lake which is typical of those found in the steppes. Flat as a pancake, it is so shallow that you can fearlessly wade across it in any direction you choose, with no need to know how to swim, exposed to no other danger than that of inadvertently crossing the Hungarian frontier which runs through it.

On what one might call Western Austria's corresponding lake, Lake Constance, you find proud steamers sailing over the bottomless depths famed in ballads, but on the lake in the Burgenland the reckless sailor must only beware that the wind does not blow away all the water from under his keel. This must not be taken too literally, yet it is a fact that when the wind blows for days in a certain direction the whole water is actually driven together in the extreme corner of the lake. This phenomenon of the bewildering "Windstaue" is only one of the many peculiarities of the lake.

Another strange thing is that nobody knows whence its waters come, for the only tributary is the Wulka, an insignificant little trickle. Four times as much water as the brook contributes is regularly lost from its wide surface by evaporation. Logically, the lake should have vanished long ago. In defiance of all the laws of hydrography, it continues to exist, leaving scientists to puzzle out from what hidden sources it manages to keep going.

[691] Occasionally the lake falls on hard times, and about once in a century it disappears altogether. This provides an occasion for the peasants on its shores to measure its bed painstakingly, and to resume the bickerings about the ownership thereof which had been dropped during the preceding century or even the one before it. About the time that the legal costs of these quarrels have so accumulated that the lawyers begin to be afraid that they will not be able to collect them, the lake quietly rises again, taking possession of its old bed as if it had never chosen to

factories, brick kilns, lignite works. There are factories which turn out linen, hemp and jute, blankets and felt, pencils, artists' chalks, asbestos, jade, sugar and methylated spirits. There are canneries for fruit and vegetables, and workshops producing stucco supports from the reeds of the Neusiedler Lake.

BURGENLAND—THE GARDEN OF VIENNA.

Fruit, vegetables, grapes, the first early cherries, fresh lettuce, cauliflower, asparagus, strawberries, apricots, tender french beans—the first, long awaited harvest, doubly welcome after the winter, rolls in the spring towards the Vienna markets in a chain of high-piled lorries.

OGGAUER WINE.

In Oggau there is a Roman cemetery which dates back to the third or fourth century A. D., in the graves of which clay vessels have been found. Archaeologists say that these vessels contained the wine given to the dead to take with them on their journey to the other world. This calls for reflection. In those days every mortal expected that he would be served with nectar and ambrosia at the table of the gods. But the inhabitants of Oggau preferred to take with them their choicest wines rather than have to be dependent on the drinks of the gods.

Gustinus Ambros, the deaf sculptor, says of his Burgenland:

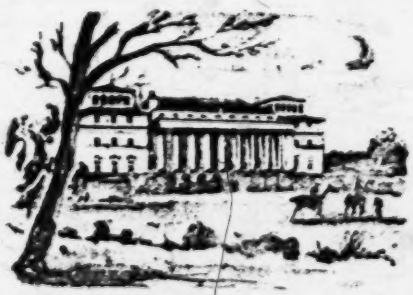
"How fortunate that I have travelled through the whole of Europe and have been able to drink in the splendour and magnificence of its many countries, with their thousand types of scenery, peculiarities and variations. Certainly it is nice to stay at home, but I felt the urge to get away and would have gone to the ends of the earth,

disappear. In former times it seems to have behaved even worse, for old documents mention it sometimes as a lake, once as a swamp, once as a river, then as a stream, while others appear not to have known of its existence.

The country lying between Eisenstadt and Ödenburg, Mattersburg and Rust, is the real heart of the Province. The lake parishes of Oggau and Mörbisch and the small "free town" of Rust are far-famed for their wine. On the gabled roofs and the chimney-pots stand pensive storks, in the vaulted cellars lie the massive wine barrels. As far back as the year 1364 the inhabitants received royal permission to mark them with the coat-of-arms of Rust—a trade-mark protected by law nearly 600 years ago!

Leaving the delights of Oggauer and Ruster wines, let us turn to Eisenstadt, the city of Josef Haydn.

One does not need to be especially sensitive to atmosphere to feel the genius of the great master in this little town which is so closely united with the surrounding countryside. The tiny house where he lived is still standing. How



Esterházy Castle, Eisenstadt.

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[217]

Eisenstadt, Synagogue Death-Ghet.

buildings—the Council Hall, attractive official buildings, the homes of civil servants and villas. Side by side stands the history of old Eisenstadt written in stone—the old royal free town, the Esterházy residence, the Jewish Ghetto in Unterberg and the more recent settlement of Oberberg. The Wolff Collection in the Provincial Museum has some unique monuments of Jewish culture. The Calvary Mount in the Bergkirche gives a glimpse of another world, with its painted, strikingly realistic wooden figures in curious grottos. A first inspection of Eisenstadt may well be rounded off by a visit to the wonder-working picture of the Virgin and to the tomb of Haydn in the Bergkirche.

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245

Other attractions await us. Above Mattersburg appear the slopes of the Rosaliengebirge, covered with the luscious purple of flowering sage. One could wish that here spring might last for ever for us to admire the sea of blossom, cherry tree after cherry tree intermingled with peach and apricot, and the yellow-white blossoms of the plum, with their tangle of intertwined black twigs; great beds of strawberries flourish in the rich and fertile soil.

342

Far above the little village of Forchtenstein stands a well-preserved castle of the same name. It was once the seat of the Counts of Mattersdorf, whose forebears, Simon and Bertram, came from Spain in the year 1200 with their sister Tota, of whose beauty it was said that it had no equal throughout the world. A poet might well harbour the fancy that her beauty lives on in the spring splendour of the flowering hedges on the Rosaliengebirge. The student of history may remember that in the year 1374 the Counts of Mattersdorf and Forchtenstein placed this part of the Province under the jurisdiction of the Duke of Austria. Their escutcheon, combined with that of the Güssingers, forms today the coat-of-arms of Burgenland.

Forchtenstein.

172

The early Stone Age has left evidence of human progress in the Wulka Plain. The Bronze Age which succeeded it was marked by a consi-

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FOLKSONG.

When Croatian girls are singing
To the tamburizza's sound,
You hear ancient lays a-ringing,
Every eye casts smiles around.

For they're singing of Yunakan,
Their land's rapture and distress.
Of the king's descendant, Marko,
And his wife, the proud princess.

derable development of traffic and trade. The Bernsteinstrasse, that famous trading highway of prehistoric times along which, about 1000 years before Christ, the honey-coloured amber, tears of the sea, was brought from the coasts of Samland to Italy, passes through the Burgenland. It crossed the Danube at Hainburg, a predecessor of the Roman road which later lead to Italy by way of Carnuntum, Ödenburg, Steinamanger and Laibach. Today Ödenburg (Sopron) belongs to Hungary. What the "Ödenburg Sack", connected to Hungary by a narrow tongue of land only five kilometres wide between the frontier and the Neusiedler Lake is to Hungary, is to Austria the "Ödenburg Spur" which limits the Burgenland to a width of four kilometres and almost cuts the northern and southern parts of the Province off from one another. Seven roads and three railways are thus cut off. The only road which connects the two regions had to be built by the Austrian Government.

"The bloody Hall", Lockenhaus Castle.

Southwards this road leads to the Oberpullendorf district, a hilly country with varied scenery and attractions of its own. Anyone interested in tracing historical developments must hasten through the Province to the spot where a range of mountains forms a barrier dividing Burgenland into two parts. The eastern corner which at the same time marks the Hungarian frontier, is the Geschriebenstein, the tallest mountain of the Province, some 2,700 feet high. Its summit affords a wide view across the plain of Raabau. On its slopes, just on the other side of the frontier at Wollembach, on the St. Veitsberg, stood one of the best-known foundries in the Bronze Age, a prehistoric industrial centre.

Here the Burgenland reveals itself to the traveller. At the foot of the Geschriebenstein lies the forest-surrounded castle of Lockenhaus, which, with its Gothic Knights' Hall and a keep five stories high, dates back to the year 1200. Almost as old are the ruins of Landsee Castle on the borders of Lower Austria, one of the biggest castles in the country.

But to bore a tourist by dragging him from castle to castle as far as Kobersdorf would be risky, since it would—finally land him on volcanic soil.

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529

Güssing.

Burgenland's volcano—Pauliberg is its name—is of course no longer active. But it provides the Province with indispensable basalt for road building.

The Burgenland volcanoes—there are more than one of them—although non-eruptive, have the hot springs which still flow along the thermal line. That line of healing springs which begins in Vienna and continues through Baden and Vöslau, unites in Burgenland with the sulphur baths of Leithaprodersdorf, northwest of Eisenstadt. It carries on to the unpretencious health centre of Sauerbrunn at the foot of the Rosaliengebirge and feeds the mineral springs of Kobersdorf at the foot of the Pauliberg. Parallel to it runs a second line from the radioactive baths in Edelstal to the mineral springs of Deutschkreutz.

133

Kobersdorf.

Far off in the south of the Burgenland the basalt cone of Güssing is still recognisable as a part of the volcanic chain. The narrow strip of land where three countries meet and where the castle ruins of Neuhaus look down from the mountain, is in its isolation one of the most lovely spots of Austria. Here the Raab traverses the Province. Its name has survived from the days of the Romans, who may have adopted it from the Celts or the Illyrians. The town of the same name situated where the river joins the Danube is called Győr in Hungarian, preserving the memory of the Avars who, when the barbarian flood had subsided, remained as rulers of Pannonia, and thus in the Burgenland. "Győr" means "ring", the Avars designating as "rings" the earthworks behind which they defied a superior force, while their mounted hordes ravaged the countryside.

103

Bernstein.

In Southern Burgenland there are no surviving traces of the Avars, although the names of many places bear witness to their not always willing followers, Slavonic tribes who, as farmers, were forced to contribute to the support of the Avar nomads. Welten,

776 there in the days of Charlemagne. In 1926 St. Martin was made the patron saint of the Burgenland. But the fact that every self-respecting Burgenländer insists on eating roast goose on St. Martin's day is not necessarily due to his piety. Since the days of the Carolingians, a number of places in the Burgenland have been connected with St. Martin either by their names or by the dedication of a church. The most southerly is St.-Martin-on-the-Raab.

Schlaining.

792 From St. Martin it is not far to St. Gotthard. This monastery, just across the frontier, was founded by French Cistercians in 1184. It is a curious coincidence that in the Battle of St. Gotthard in 1664, where the Turks were defeated in open conflict for the first time, French troops played a decisive part. The battlefield lies within the Burgenland parish of Mogersdorf. The name of the neighbouring village, Maria-Bild-bei-Weichselbaum, recalls the legend that a wonder-working picture of the Virgin was brought from a forest shrine to the village church, but transferred itself back to its original site, where a church was then built.

798

Kittsee.

● 133 Even in the days of the Carolingians the rivers of Lafnitz and Pinka contributed to the establishment of settlers in the Burgenland. The Lafnitz today forms a natural boundary with Styria. If you follow the line of the Pinka northwards you will find that it crosses the frontier of Austria seven times.

[361] The same typically Burgenland villages are to be found on either side, inhabited by a mixed Croat and German population. The river fortress of Eberau in this district is perhaps the least known castle in Austria.

Lockenhaus.

In its upper reaches the Pinka like the other Burgenland rivers—the Raab, Lafnitz, Güns, Rabnitz, Eicha and Leitha—unites the Burgenland with the Styrian-Lower-

133 Austrian alpine foothills, to which it by its character belongs. Sandwiched in between, on the upper Pinka, one finds a living witness to Burgenland history in the Magyar enclave of Oberwart.

175 563 The Magyars came to Pannonia about 896 A.D. In 907 A.D. they destroyed the Bavarian armies near Pressburg, thus putting an end to the Frankish-Bavarian Pannonian Mark. For half a century hordes of Hungarian horsemen overran Europe, spreading out even to France and Italy. The Battle of Lechfeld in 955 A.D. put an end to this, and the Magyars then tried to secure themselves a permanent home in the Danube Basin. Their "Westwall" was the impenetrable forests of southern Burgenland, and further northwards, the swamps of Rabnitz. The valleys in the forest belt were defended by barricades and troops.

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Oberwart.

In one of these "Warte" or outposts, which is today the Hungarian-speaking village of Oberwart, the Magyar garrison maintained itself for 1000 years. Here the Magyar origin of the population is still evident in their speech and picturesque dress.

133 529 There are traces of almost every period of Burgenland history in the district of Oberwart. The most valuable heritage is that left by the extinct volcanoes at Tatzmannsdorf, a healing centre for heart complaints and feminine ailments—an Austrian version of Franzensbad.

135 Geologists will find much to interest them in these parts. The brown-coal mines of Tauchen, the antimony and sulphur-stone deposits at Schlaining, the iron ore which was mined even in Celtic-Illyrian times at Eisenzicken

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On the *Kahlenberg*.

old vineyard tavern which is listed for protection under the Ancient Monuments Act evokes lively pictures of biedermeier days, when the suburbs were holiday resorts and Schubert, the eternally young, wandered the countryside with his friends. Bauernfeld, Beethoven and Grillparzer sought rest and relaxation here among the green fields. Here Waldmüller proved the power of his brush and Ferdinand von Saar, the poet of solitude, wrote his rapturous elegies on Vienna, the city of his dreams.

From the higher parts of the suburb of Döbling one can recognise the peaks of the Lower Carpathians, the Schneeberg and the Ötscher. To realise the whole charm of the surroundings of Vienna, you must see it from the heights of the Kahlenberg. There you will understand how the city has really grown into its natural framework and how its Cathedral and many towers, the river, the mountains, the plain and broad horizons have come to form parts of a single whole. This is a picture which never fades from the memories of those who have once seen it.

If one then approaches Vienna from the north, from the direction of Prague or Brünn, the whole city seems to have been swallowed up by the mountains. Then the Wienerwald looks like a great, green and shady creek past which the silver Danube flows, broad and lazy, downstream. Mountains rise up one behind the other, followed closely by the alps in ever-higher ranges.

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As the journey to Vienna usually ends in the afternoon or early evening when the sun is over the alps in the south or west, one feels in the magic of these sub-alpine woods, an irresistible temptation to hasten on to the valleys of the Wienerwald, to rest and linger there in a spot so favoured by nature.

Coming from Budapest or Pressburg (Bratislava), the picture is again different. There the wide river, the broad plain fill eye, ear and senses with their unchanging rhythm. Something of the Puszta melancholy still lingers; when such feelings translate themselves into music they find their expression in Schubert's "Der Tod und das Mädchen", or Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata".

From the south one enters by the gates of gaiety. To pass by the swimming pools off the high road, to cross the vineyards or walk alongside them, Pfaffstätten and Gumpoldskirchen not far off, to recognise the lime-tree before the doors of the Höldrichs Mill, to catch sight of the cheerful black pines behind the Türkenturm of Petersdorf on the Parapluiberg, to see the bold profile of the Kahlenberg ahead and finally to look for the silver-grey needle of the tower of St. Stephen's—all this induces a mood of light-hearted gaiety. It is a part of the "G'schichten aus dem Wienerwald" ("Tales of the Vienna Forest"), or a bar of the Blue Danube Waltz.

Beethoven's House.

INTRODUCTION

energies will have to be directed to securing by improvisation the bare means of existence and survival. Even after the initial period only a gradual progress in reconstruction is to be expected. This book does not intend to deal with the difficult and manifold problems of the immediate post-war emergency measures. It has a wider aim. It proposes, by a critical study of the inter-war period, to outline more generally how Austria, by harnessing all her resources and adapting herself to their best possible use, is able to attain prosperity and to keep pace with a corresponding process of world economy.

Before turning to the development of the inter-war years, however, a few words should perhaps be said about Austria's natural resources and about her economic development before the last war.

NATURAL RESOURCES

Austria, like Switzerland, is a mountainous country, and so the scope for agriculture is naturally limited. Only 28 per cent of the total area is arable land, while another 30 per cent is taken up by permanent meadow and pasture. This compares with 47 and 18 per cent respectively for Czechoslovakia, 68 and 19 per cent for Hungary (a typical agricultural country), while the percentages for Germany[1] are 46 and 17 and for the United Kingdom[2] 24 and 31 respectively. Accordingly, Austria belongs to the industrial and food-importing nations of Europe. Even so, her soil and climatic conditions have favoured the growth of certain special branches of agriculture, such as those connected with milk and milk products and fruit growing.[3] In these fields an export surplus had been achieved by the beginning of the thirties.

"Land not under cultivation" takes up as much as 42 per cent of the total. That 42 per cent represents, how-

1 [In 1938, i.e. exclusive 5 of the Saar Territory]
2 [Figures for 1937]
3 [Cf. Cat. IIb, p. 12 — Analyst]

9: Rothschild E-4, 5 (no date) 1947 EK1 Austria EK1

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AUSTRIA

COUNTY BOUNDARIES
MAIN RAILWAYS
ABOVE 3,000 FEET